

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

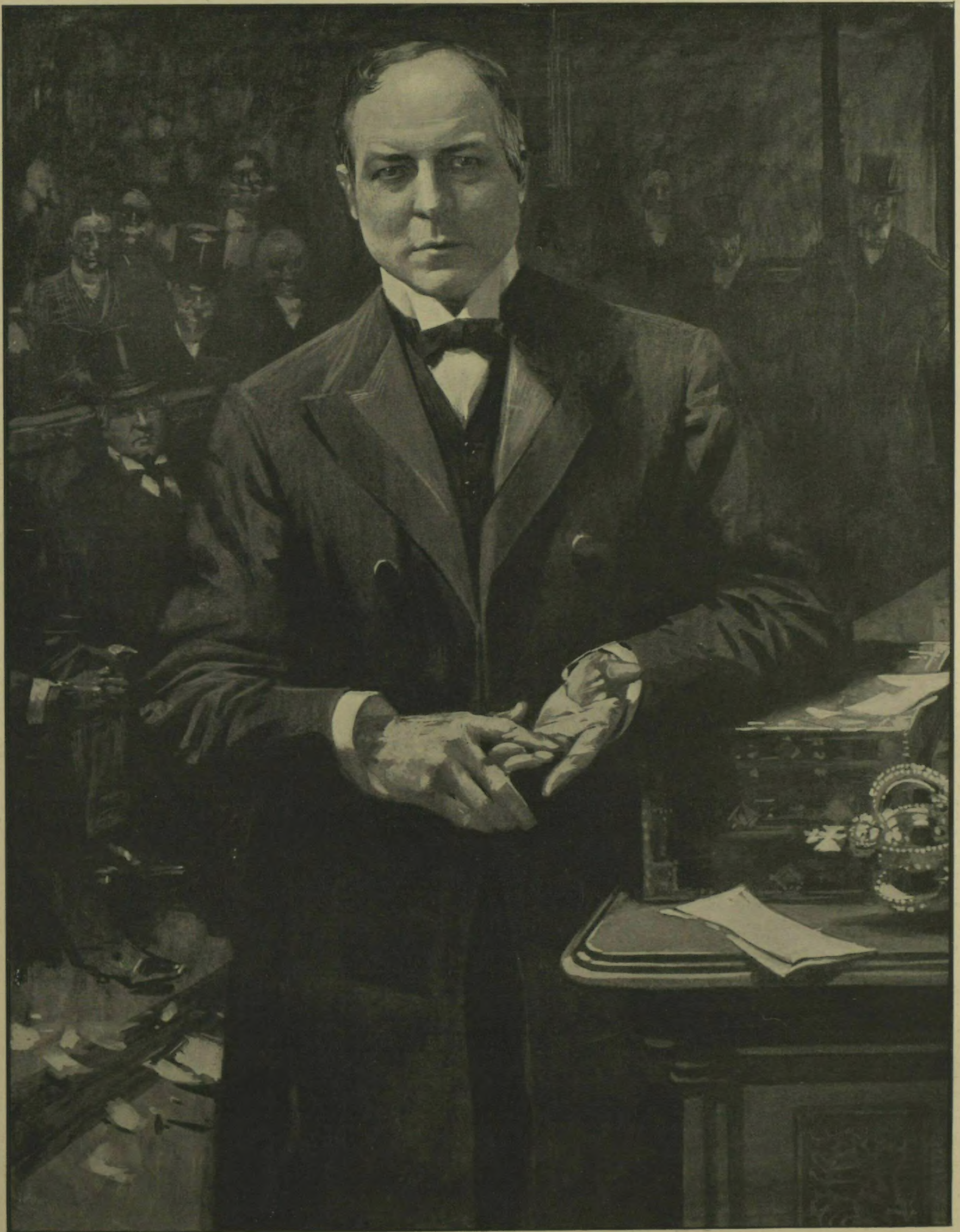
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SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1906.

SIXPENCE.

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A NEW MINISTER TACKLING AN OLD PROBLEM: MR. HALDANE DISCUSSING ARMY REFORM.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Haldane's speeches on the Army Estimates have been received with great favour on both sides of the House. The problem of reforming the War Office, he contends, is too great to be dealt with by one man with a few sweeping measures, and he has told his colleagues that he will go slowly. It was easier, he said, to talk about economy than to effect it, but even economy is not impossible.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

A CORRESPONDENT has written me an able and interesting letter in the matter of some allusions of mine to the subject of communal kitchens. He defends communal kitchens very lucidly from the standpoint of the calculating collectivist; but, like many of his school, he cannot apparently grasp that there is another test of the whole matter, with which such calculation has nothing at all to do. He knows it would be cheaper if a number of us ate at the same time, so as to use the same table. So it would. It would also be cheaper if a number of us slept at different times, so as to use the same pair of trousers. But the question is not how cheap are we buying a thing, but what are we buying? It is cheap to own a slave. And it is cheaper still to be a slave. But I must not ask whether certain modern proposals amount to slavery; for the word has now some horrible political significance and evokes those mysterious things (I cannot imagine what they are like) which are called "ironical cheers." I am not allowed in these columns to discuss politics or religion, which is inconvenient; as they are the only two subjects which seem to me to have the slightest element of interest for a sane man.

But to return to my really fascinating correspondent. He says, as I have noted, that communism in cooking and eating would be cheaper. And I say, as I have also noted, that the question is not how cheap you buy it, but what you buy. He also says that the habit of dining out in restaurants, etc., is growing. So, I believe, is the habit of committing suicide. I do not desire to connect the two facts together. It seems fairly clear that a man could not dine at a restaurant because he had just committed suicide; and it would be extreme, perhaps, to suggest that he commits suicide because he has just dined at a restaurant. But the two cases, when put side by side, are enough to indicate the falsity and poltroonery of this eternal modern argument from what is in fashion. The question for brave men is not whether a certain thing is increasing; the question is whether we are increasing it. I dine very often in restaurants because the nature of my trade makes it convenient: but if I thought that by dining in restaurants I was working for the creation of communal meals, I would never enter a restaurant again; I would carry bread and cheese in my pocket or eat chocolate out of automatic machines. For the personal element in some things is sacred. I heard Mr. Will Crooks put it perfectly the other day: "The most sacred thing is to be able to shut your own door."

My correspondent says, "Would not our women be spared the drudgery of cooking and all its attendant worries, leaving them free for higher culture?" The first thing that occurs to me to say about this is very simple, and is, I imagine, a part of all our experience. If my correspondent can find any way of preventing women from worrying, he will indeed be a remarkable man. I think the matter is a much deeper one. First of all, my correspondent overlooks a distinction which is elementary in our human nature. Theoretically, I suppose, everyone would like to be freed from worries. But nobody in the world would always like to be freed from worrying occupations. I should very much like (as far as my feelings at the moment go) to be free from the consuming nuisance of writing this article. But it does not follow that I should like to be free from the consuming nuisance of being a journalist. Because we are worried about a thing, it does not follow that we are not interested in it. The truth is the other way. If we are not interested, why on earth should we be worried? Women are worried about housekeeping, but those that are most interested are the most worried. Women are still more worried about their husbands and their children. And I suppose if we strangled the children and poleaxed the husbands it would leave women free for higher culture. That is, it would leave them free to begin to worry about that. For women would worry about higher culture as much as they worry about everything else.

I believe this way of talking about women and their higher culture is almost entirely a growth of the classes which (unlike the journalistic class to which I belong) have always a reasonable amount of money. One odd thing I specially notice. Those who write like this seem entirely to forget the existence of the working and wage-earning classes. They say eternally, like my correspondent, that the ordinary woman is always a drudge. And what, in the name of the Nine Gods, is the ordinary man? These people seem to think that the ordinary man is a Cabinet Minister. They are always talking about man going forth to wield power, to carve his own way, to stamp his individuality on the world, to command and to be obeyed. This may be true of a certain class. Dukes, perhaps, are not drudges; but, then, neither are Duchesses. The Ladies and Gentlemen of the Smart Set are quite free for the higher culture, which consists chiefly of motoring and Bridge. But the ordinary man who typifies and

constitutes the millions that make up our civilisation is no more free for the higher culture than his wife is.

Indeed, he is not so free. Of the two sexes the woman is in the more powerful position. For the average woman is at the head of something with which she can do as she likes; the average man has to obey orders and do nothing else. He has to put one dull brick on another dull brick, and do nothing else; he has to add one dull figure to another dull figure, and do nothing else. The woman's world is a small one, perhaps, but she can alter it. The woman can tell the tradesman with whom she deals some realistic things about himself. The clerk who does this to the manager generally gets the sack, or shall we say (to avoid the vulgarism), finds himself free for higher culture. Above all, as I said in my previous article, the woman does work which is in some small degree creative and individual. She can put the flowers or the furniture in fancy arrangements of her own. I fear the bricklayer cannot put the bricks in fancy arrangements of his own, without disaster to himself and others. If the woman is only putting a patch into a carpet, she can choose the thing with regard to colour. I fear it would not do for the office boy dispatching a parcel to choose his stamps with a view to colour; to prefer the tender mauve of the six-penny to the crude scarlet of the penny stamp. A woman cooking may not always cook artistically; still she can cook artistically. She can introduce a personal and imperceptible alteration into the composition of a soup. The clerk is not encouraged to introduce a personal and imperceptible alteration into the figures in a ledger.

The trouble is that the real question I raised is not discussed. It is argued as a problem in pennies, not as a problem in people. It is not the proposals of these reformers that I feel to be false so much as their temper and their arguments. I am not nearly so certain that communal kitchens are wrong as I am that the defenders of communal kitchens are wrong. Of course, for one thing, there is a vast difference between the communal kitchens of which I spoke and the communal meal (*monstrum horrendum, informe*) which the darker and wilder mind of my correspondent diabolically calls up. But in both the trouble is that their defenders will not defend them humanly as human institutions. They will not interest themselves in the staring psychological fact that there are some things that a man or a woman, as the case may be, wishes to do for himself or herself. He or she must do it inventively, creatively, artistically, individually—in a word, badly. Choosing your wife (say) is one of these things. Is choosing your husband's dinner one of these things? That is the whole question: it is never asked.

And then the higher culture. I know that culture. I would not set any man free for it if I could help it. The effect of it on the rich men who are free for it is so horrible that it is worse than any of the other amusements of the millionaire—worse than gambling, worse even than philanthropy. It means thinking the smallest poet in Belgium greater than the greatest poet of England. It means losing every democratic sympathy. It means being unable to talk to a navvy about sport, or about beer, or about the Bible, or about the Derby, or about patriotism, or about anything whatever that he, the navvy, wants to talk about. It means taking literature seriously, a very amateurish thing to do. It means pardoning indecency only when it is gloomy indecency. Its disciples will call a spade a spade: but only when it is a grave-digger's spade. The higher culture is sad, cheap, impudent, unkind, without honesty and without ease. In short, it is "high." That abominable word (also applied to game) admirably describes it.

No; if you were setting women free for something else, I might be more melted. If you can assure me, privately and gravely, that you are setting women free to dance on the mountains, like Mænads, or to worship some monstrous goddess, I will make a note of your request. If you are quite sure that the ladies in Brixton, the moment they give up cooking, will beat great gongs and blow horns to Mumbo-Jumbo, then I will agree that the occupation is at least human and is more or less entertaining. Women have been set free to be Bacchantes; they have been set free to be Virgin Martyrs; they have been set free to be Witches. Do not ask them now to sink so low as the higher culture.

I have my own little notions of a possible emancipation of women; but I suppose I should not be taken very seriously if I propounded them. I should favour anything that would increase the present enormous authority of women and their creative action in their own homes. The average woman, as I have said, is a despot; the average man is a serf. I am for any scheme that anyone can suggest that will make the average woman more of a despot. So far from wishing her to get her cooked meals from outside, I should like her to cook more wildly and at her own will than she does. So far from getting always the same meals from the same place, let her invent, if she likes, a new dish every day of her life. Let her be more of a maker, not less.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A JUDGE'S MEMORY," AT TERRY'S.

IT is a very old-fashioned sort of play which Mr. Brandon Thomas has written for Mr. James Welch in "A Judge's Memory," and it does not even present the new actor-manager of Terry's with a particularly telling part. Neither the unlikely coincidence on which Mr. Thomas's story is based, nor the self-effacing character of its ex-convict hero—a distinctly theatrical type—can be said to be developed to dramatic advantage by the author. The whole point of the play turns on the danger which a costermonger millionaire runs of being recognised by a Judge who once sentenced him to penal servitude for a crime which he had never committed, and therefore on the chance of the ex-convict's son, a Captain of Guards, who has been brought up in complete ignorance of his origins, being refused permission to marry the Judge's daughter. Unfortunately for the melodramatic value of the piece, the moment of discovery, which the playwright rather unwisely has made to depend not on the personal recollections of the Judge, a genial and tolerantly forgetful old man, but on the suspicions of his vinegary-tempered wife—who serves as his "memory"—is so long delayed by a variety of shifts and expedients that the later acts fail to hold the least critical spectator's attention. Meantime, the unfortunate hero, whose pathetic situation might have been made very effective if expressed in appropriate incident, is left with nothing to do but to talk, talk, talk, and look utterly helpless. And so Mr. Welch, with all his touching little eccentricities of manner, cannot really retain our sympathies for this weak but garrulous martyr of circumstances. That fine veteran actor Mr. Fernandez gives a much more successful study of the kindly, port-loving Judge. Far too much space, moreover, is allotted in the comedy to the conventional love-making of two conventional young couples—the one set sentimental, and the other farcical, and both rather tiresome. No, Mr. Thomas's "Judge's Memory" will scarcely rival his "Charley's Aunt" in popularity.

"A PAIR OF SPECTACLES," AT THE COMEDY.

This present spring-tide seems, incongruously enough, to be in dramatic affairs a season, par excellence, of revivals; but there is such an abundance of sunny optimism and delightful humour about Mr. Sydney Grundy's skilfully adapted fable, "A Pair of Spectacles," and its symbolistic idea is so charmingly and dramatically carried through, that it can hardly be reproduced too often. And when, as in the current revival at the Comedy, the original representatives of Benjamin Goldfinch and his gentle wife and his cantankerous brother "frae Sheffield" are enabled to reappear in the persons of Mr. John Hare, Miss Kate Rorke, and Mr. Charles Groves, no other excuse is needed for the serving up of old fare. The contrast between the almost feminine sensibility of the one brother and the burly canniness of the other is still as piquant as ever, and Mr. Groves's broad, full-blooded style makes a perfect foil to the delicate Meissonier-like art of Mr. Hare; while, of course, Miss Rorke brings sweetness and light on to the stage at her every entry. "A Pair of Spectacles" is preceded by "Afterthoughts," a tolerable little curtain-raiser in which Mr. Gilbert Hare makes much out of the rôle of a burglar, and Miss Beatrice Forbes Robertson impersonates pleasantly a young married woman who mistakes the burglar for a masquerading friend of her husband's.

"THE BEAUTY OF BATH," AT THE ALDWYCH.

A bright and lively entertainment on approved musical-comedy lines, full of high spirits and warm colour and agreeable "turns" and songs and breathless fun, the success of "The Beauty of Bath" at the Aldwych Theatre last Monday night was never for a moment in doubt. In this particular sample of its class the indefatigable Mr. Seymour Hicks does seem, while infusing into its composition and performance no small portion of his own restless vivacity, to have attempted a general improvement of tone; for once in a way he has given us a musical play which has got running through it a real thread of story, and possesses in addition moments of genuine pathos. The story is slight enough in truth, turning mainly on the fact that a whole crowd of persons cannot distinguish a young naval officer from his double, a popular actor; but from this thin tissue a variety of most ingenious and amusing entanglements are developed. A musical comedy is best described in terms of the players round whose idiosyncrasies it has been written. Let it be said, then, that that radiant incarnation of youth and gaiety, Miss Ellaline Terriss, here appears as a "beauty of Bath," infatuated with the actor and therefore with his double; that Mr. Hicks has cast himself for the part of the young officer, and makes love and dashes here and there with all his irresistible energy; and that Mr. Hicks's brother, Mr. Stanley Brett, figures as the actor whose resemblance to the hero supplies the play with its plot. When it is added that Miss Rosina Filippi, one of the most genial of all our comédiennes, portrays a very affectionate mother; that Master Valchera is fitted with the rôle of a precocious programme seller; that Miss Sydney Fairbrother is a retired lodging-housekeeper from Bloomsbury, and takes part in a most droll duet about there being "hearts" in that district, it will be seen that every member of the company is well provided for; and if Mr. Haines's music is not remarkable, it is tuneful enough.

"MR. POPPLE OF IPPLETON" AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

It would have been a pity if so engaging and mirthful an extravaganza as that for which Mr. Paul Rubens is responsible in "Mr. Popple of Ippleton" had not been able to find fresh quarters when given notice at the Apollo Theatre. Happily room has been found for this successful piece at the Shaftesbury, and here that delightful humourist Mr. G. P. Huntley once more provokes peals of laughter by his quaint and kindly portrait of the rustic gentleman who comes to see the sights of town. Miss Ethel Irving acts with all her customary verve.

MUSIC.

THE second concert of the Philharmonic Society could hardly have failed to please the greater part of the large audience assembled to hear it. Sir Charles Stanford's second Irish Rhapsody, introducing melodies founded upon Celtic folk-songs of rare beauty, proved to be one of the composer's happiest efforts. It suggested genuine inspiration, and had none of those dull moments to which some of our academic professors have accustomed us, moments in which much that is not worth saying is most correctly said. Emil Sauer played Beethoven's "Emperor Concerto," that has survived the searching test of nearly one hundred years, and has certain qualities of pure beauty that so many moderns are unable to imitate and affect to despise. The inner significance of this, the last and greatest of Beethoven's pianoforte concerti, is not hidden from the amateur. Granting the necessary technique—which, of course, is not common even in these days of accomplishment—and a certain mental elevation to enable the player to approach the music in the right mood, a satisfactory performance is almost guaranteed, for Beethoven's strength seems to lie in the beauty and purity of his music, and not in abstruse thought. It was perhaps unfortunate that a clock in the neighbourhood of the Queen's Hall elected to sound the ninth hour of evening when piano and drum were engaged in the delicate duet that precedes the last phrases of the concerto, for the chime was nowhere near the key. Had one been listening to a Strauss symphony, the interruption would have passed merely for the composer's protest against tonality. Later in the evening Herr Sauer played Chopin's Ballade in G minor, together with a brilliant little trifle of his own, giving to the more familiar piece an interpretation that was not the less acceptable because it was a purely personal one, and demonstrated for the hundredth time how the skilful use of the *rubato* can vary the colour of Chopin's music.

Marie Brema sang the closing scene from the "Götterdämmerung," and her effort was finely considered, well sung, and presented with a feeling for the drama, but one could not avoid a thought that the concert platform is not the place for such a work. Wagner's own theories of music-drama should forbid it, and coming between a Beethoven Concerto and a Chopin Ballade it demanded a measure of concentration that few could hope to grant. After the interval the first of Brahms's famous symphonies received ample justice at Dr. Cowen's hands. It is a work of supreme classical beauty, absolute music if ever there were any, and the suggestions of the programme, though they originate from the brains of two of the cleverest commentators upon music in the Metropolis, seemed to be woefully ineffective.

Of recent concerts one may refer to the fourth of the Barns-Phillips series at the Bechstein Hall, for which Mr. Josef Holbrooke had written five characteristic songs, which were sung by Mr. Charles Phillips and accompanied by the composer. As was to be expected, the songs are of more than passing merit. Very charming, too, was Mr. Malcolm Lawson's setting to verses called "Roses and Lilac." At the same hall Miss Alice Mandeville has given another successful recital and proved how readily she can range over the songs of four countries, bringing to each and all a finished method, a sympathetic understanding, and the natural gift of a beautiful voice. Miss Mandeville, whose reception could not have been more hearty, was assisted by Mr. Percy Grainger, who played for the first time certain music written by Grieg upon the slender foundation of some old Norse folk-tunes. People whose interest in Scandinavia is of the keenest may perhaps be interested in such quaintly barbarous work, but they did no more than suggest to us that Gautier was not altogether without justification when he declared that music is the most disagreeable of all sounds. But for the dates we would have sworn that the great writer had been listening to those same Norwegian dances.

GREAT BRITAIN AND SPAIN.

SIR MAURICE DE BUNSEN, who succeeds Sir Arthur Nicolson as British Ambassador to the Spanish Court, has presented his credentials to King Alfonso, who remarked in his reply to the Ambassador's address that Great Britain has been long united to Spain by close bonds of friendship, and that experience has proved this union to be good for the countries, their Governments, and their Sovereigns. "You may therefore be certain," he went on, "that the Spanish people will receive you with the same sympathy that they have extended to your predecessors, and that my Government will take advantage of every occasion that may arise to help you to fulfil your mission." The Ambassador afterwards visited the Queen Mother, Maria Christina. There are repeated rumours of an Anglo-Spanish Convention, but it is unlikely that any public statement will be made in this matter until the delegates have returned from Algeciras.

NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name and address of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor will be pleased to consider Column Articles on subjects of immediate interest, but he cannot assume responsibility for MSS., for Photographs, or for Sketches submitted. MSS. of Poetry can on no account be returned.

PARLIAMENT.

MAJOR SEELEY, whom Mr. J. D. Rees afterwards called a Mad Mullah, moved to reduce the vote for the Army Estimates by 10,000 men, and forced a division on the Government. The present Parliament had been returned, he said, to keep down expenditure, and it must be done for the sake of the finances of the country. Mr. Balfour thought that there should be more reduction in the regular troops, but pointed out that for an expansive army we must have officers, artillerymen, and the requisite field staff—skilled elements which required long preparation. Mr. Haldane declared that he was anxious for a settled policy which would be the continuous policy of the two great parties in the State. He adhered to the Cardwell system. The Premier mentioned that Mr. Haldane had already cut down the Estimates by a million and a half. A desultory debate which had lasted two days was abruptly ended by an impatient Labour member, Mr. Ward, who moved the closure—carried by 222 to 36.

Mr. G. C. Courthope moved the second reading of a Pure Beer Bill, providing that barley beer should contain not less than 85 per cent. of barley malt, and 15 per cent. of sugar. Mr. Herbert Paul said that the Bill reminded him of the French economist who said that the umbrella-maker was in favour of Protection for umbrellas and Free Trade in wood, silk, and whalebone. Mr. Hilaire Belloc confided that there were few nights on which he went to bed without drinking a pint or two of beer. Mr. Everett believed that when he had passed away he would be remembered for his efforts to purify the national beverage. The Bill was defeated by 164 to 109.

In a discussion on a Bill affecting Dublin, Mr. John Redmond protested against the time of the Imperial Parliament being taken up on the sewerage of a township. The Bill was rejected by 209 votes.

Speakers in the House of Lords deplored the unsatisfactory state of the Militia. The Earl of Portsmouth explained the new conditions of service which the Government proposed to try experimentally on twenty battalions, but stated that the future organisation of the force was yet uncertain. Lord Newton said that he had never listened to a debate that left a more hopeless impression on his mind. Lord Lansdowne maintained that we had never yet had an Army constructed on a scientific basis. A Limited Partnership Bill, introduced by Lord Avebury, was read a second time.

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As it has been ascertained that many unauthorised persons are in the habit of claiming to represent THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, the Editor desires that applications made in his name shall not be entertained unless the applicant presents an official card signed by the Editor himself or one of the Directors.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

The King at Biarritz.

It is announced that King Edward will prolong his stay at Biarritz until Wednesday next, and it is not improbable that he will remain there until the turn of the month. His Majesty has been favoured by the best of weather, and has taken an active interest in the cross-country racing and the play upon the golf-links. A great torchlight tattoo took place on Sunday night last, and the band of the 57th Infantry Regiment from Bordeaux has received through their band-master, Captain Barnier, the assurance of the King's great pleasure with its performance. His Majesty has taken occasion to express to the Mayor of Biarritz his enjoyment of the sunshine, coupled with his regret that we have nothing like it in England. On this occasion, as on so many others, his Majesty's loyal subjects share his regret.

The Morocco Conference.

Early last week we were assured that the negotiations between the representatives of the Powers at Algieras were coming to a successful conclusion, and that the vexed question of Police Control at the seaports was being settled on the basis of certain suggestions tendered by Austria, but inspired from Berlin. It was proposed to hand to France and Spain the control of all the open ports save Casablanca, which was to be confided to a neutral power like Switzerland or Holland. While this proposition seemed to embody a very considerable German concession, it was pointed out very soon on behalf of France that it would leave the door open for innumerable dissensions in the future, and that nothing less than complete unity in the scheme of control could be truly effective. The Austrian (or German) proposition was cleverly framed, because it is calculated to throw the onus of a rupture upon France, and so to alienate the sympathies of the other Powers, sympathies that have hitherto been entirely against Germany. Carefully considered, it is not easy to see why the authorities in Berlin should wish to insist upon the employment of one of the lesser Powers at Casablanca, unless it is with a view to rendering nugatory the efforts of France and Spain to settle all the practical problems that will arise as soon as the theoretical difficulties have been disposed of. Inasmuch as the completion of the Conference, should it end happily, will do no more than mark the beginning of vast administrative difficulties for France, and attendant intrigues that may well revive all the jealousies the Conference seeks to allay, it would be wise to attach little importance to the optimistic reports that may be forthcoming during the next few days. The continuance of a deadlock is openly regretted by the members of the Conference themselves. Diplomats fear that it may bring discredit on their profession. "From the artistic point of view," said one of them the other day, "it is deplorable, and it's a very bad training for our younger diplomatists."

The French Mining Strike.

In the heart of the country which has just suffered terrible disaster at Courrières, the miners have struck, and M. Clemenceau, the new Minister of the Interior, proceeded on Saturday last from Paris to Lens, and at once interviewed the leaders of the two trade unions most prominently associated with the strike. This daring action, from which M. Basly, the local Deputy, endeavoured in vain to dissuade him, had an excellent effect, and M. Clemenceau created a very favourable impression when he told the strike leaders that for the first time in a strike they would not see a single soldier in the streets. "If you decide to go out on Monday," said the Minister, "I will leave you to maintain order. Respect the mines which are the source of your livelihood." Following M. Clemenceau's spirited action the mine-owners of the district announced their agreement to an increase of 10 per cent. in the wages of underground men and of 5 per cent. in the wages of surface hands. This direct dealing with strikers by a member of the Cabinet has been discussed at considerable length not only throughout France, and its result will be awaited anxiously.

Church and State in France.

M. Sarrien's Ministry is proceeding very cautiously with the taking of the church inventories, and it is understood that they will not do anything to fan the present discontent that exists in the less progressive parts of France. By far the greater number of the inventories

The Duma Elections.

The choice of Deputies to the Russian Duma that is to give the Tsar's realms some first hint of constitutional privilege will be decided by Deputies sent to provincial towns and capitals by the rank and file of their companions. Already the police are interfering actively, in order if possible to keep from these elective gatherings men notoriously opposed to the bureaucracy. As far as the various correspondents in Russia can find out, the election so eagerly looked for by the Tsar's suffering subjects threatens to be quite void of serious value. Where the people are free to elect representatives, Constitutional Democrats and Socialists will be chosen, and it does not suit the authorities that such men should have a voice in the Duma. Official terrorism, direct or indirect, is keeping thousands of workmen from attending the early meetings, and where delegates have been elected to the larger assembly by the peasants, the police have even gone so far as to arrest the people's chosen. The Russian Government has been so successful of late in dealing with the various provincial risings that it feels strong enough to render the Duma ineffective. At present, however, the Tsar's Ministers have not succeeded in persuading financiers to oblige them with the much-needed loan, and the heads of the revolutionary movement remain beyond their reach.



Photo. Frith.

A RIVER THREATENED BY AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT: THE BURE.

A Bill has been introduced to take water from the Bure for a public water-supply. Objection has been raised on the ground that the river would probably be run dry. The photograph was taken on the Bure at Horning, nine-and-a-half miles from Norwich.

have been taken already, but several thousands remain, and the Government is anxious to avoid home troubles while the horizon of foreign affairs remains so heavily clouded. Prudence is the keynote of the sentences passed upon certain officers who were tried on Monday by the Council of War sitting at Rennes on a charge of refusing to obey the authorities. In

Portraits.

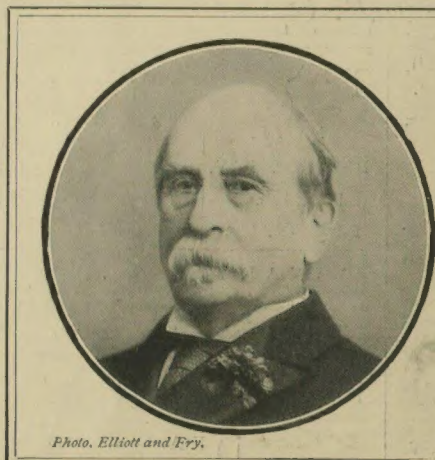
The conclusion of the Prince of Wales's visit to India brought a well-earned G.C.I.E. to Sir Walter Lawrence, head of his Royal Highness's Staff, for the tour. Sir Walter was eminently qualified for his task. He was Private Secretary to the Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, from 1898 until 1903, and has been, also, Under-Secretary to the Punjab Government and to the Government of India, and officiating Secretary to the Government of India. His other positions included those of the Assistant - Commissioner of Thal, Kurram, and Afghanistan, Honorary Secretary of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund, Settlement Commissioner of Kashmir, and Agent-in-Chief to the Duke of Bedford. He became C.I.E. in 1891, and K.C.I.E. in 1903.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Bigge, who has been appointed a Knight Commander of the Star of India for his services during the Prince of Wales's tour in India, has been Private Secretary to his Royal Highness since 1901. Sir Arthur was born in 1849, and is the fourth son of the Rev. J. F. Bigge, Vicar of Stamfordham. In 1869 he entered the Royal Artillery, and served with distinction in the Zulu War. He was Queen Victoria's Private Secretary, and is an Extra Equerry to the King.

The Hon. Alfred Gilpin Jones, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, died at Halifax on March 15 after a brief illness. His grandfather was an officer of the King's American Dragoons, who settled in Nova Scotia after the Revolutionary War. The late Lieutenant-Governor was the son of Mr. Guy Carleton Jones, and was born in 1824. He was educated for business. In 1867 he entered the Canadian House of Commons as Member for Halifax. In 1896 he represented the Canadian Government at the Pacific Cable Conference in London. When the Prince of Wales visited Canada, Mr. Jones declined the honour of knighthood.

Charing Cross Station.

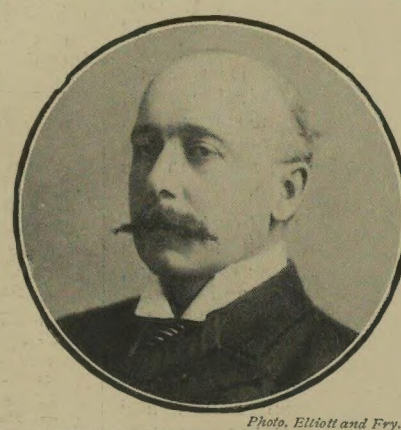
On Monday last Charing Cross Railway Station was reopened to traffic. The work of taking down the old roof and putting up the new one is still in progress, but completion is expected by the end of the current year. The highest point of the new arches will be 45 ft., while the original structure stood as much as 85 ft. high. At present the roof is being erected from a staging weighing between 400 and 500 tons, and containing between 25,000 cubic feet of timber. Some interest attaches to the lighting of the new Charing Cross Station, and the directors, who have been experimenting with gas and electricity, are waiting results of certain experiments before inviting tenders. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the accident to Charing Cross Station has allowed the new underground Charing Cross, Euston, and Hampstead Railway to construct their new station under the station-yard much more rapidly than would have been possible under ordinary circumstances.



THE LATE HON. A. G. JONES.
Last Governor of Nova Scotia.



SIR ARTHUR BIGGE.
New K.C.S.I.



SIR WALTER LAWRENCE.
New G.C.I.E.

defence the officers pleaded that they regarded the civil requisition as illegal. General Calvel, who presided over the Council of War, expressed his view of the matter very clearly, and the officers were found guilty by five votes to two; but Major Héry, the senior officer, was sentenced to one month's imprisonment, and the two junior officers each to one day. Moreover, the provision of the law suspending sentences passed on first offenders was unanimously extended to all three. Some people may think that the Government has dealt too lightly



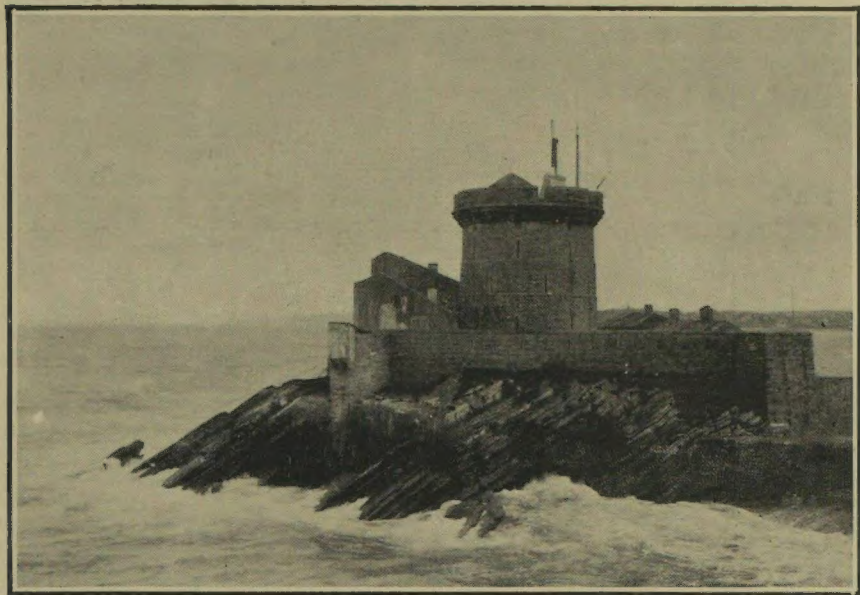
Photo. Shepstone.

A THORNLESS EDIBLE CACTUS PRODUCED BY CULTIVATION.

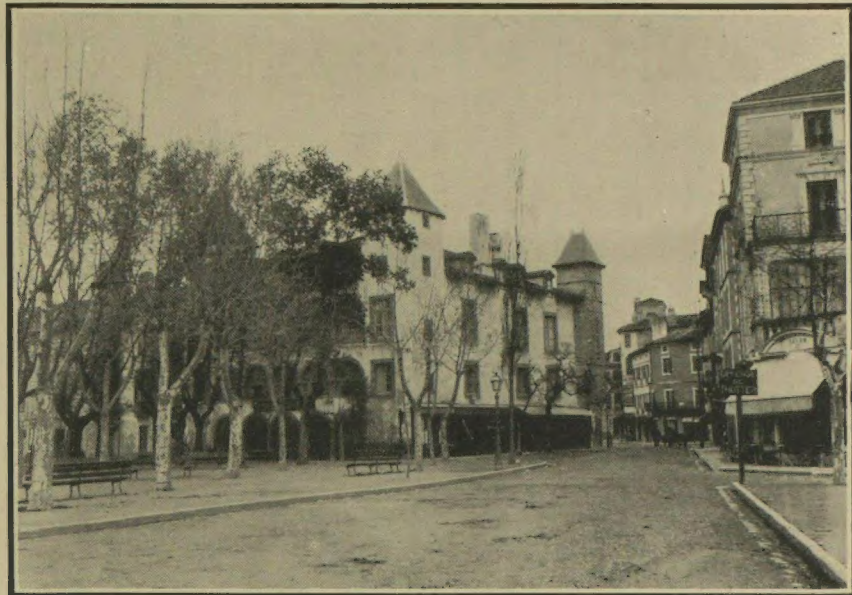
After years' work Mr. Luther Burbank, who produced the stoneless plum, has produced this cactus, which bears a delicious fruit. The leaves can be eaten by cattle. The specimen is three years old. It will grow equally well in a desert or in a garden.

in taking this course, but it is clear that M. Sarrien wishes to see the whole question of church inventories and military scruples put into the background, for the present at least.

THE KING AT BIARRITZ: HIS MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE BASQUES.



ON THE BASQUE COAST: FORT SOCOA, NEAR ST. JEAN DE LUZ.



A SCENE OF WELLINGTON'S FESTIVITIES: THE HOUSE OF LOUIS XIV.

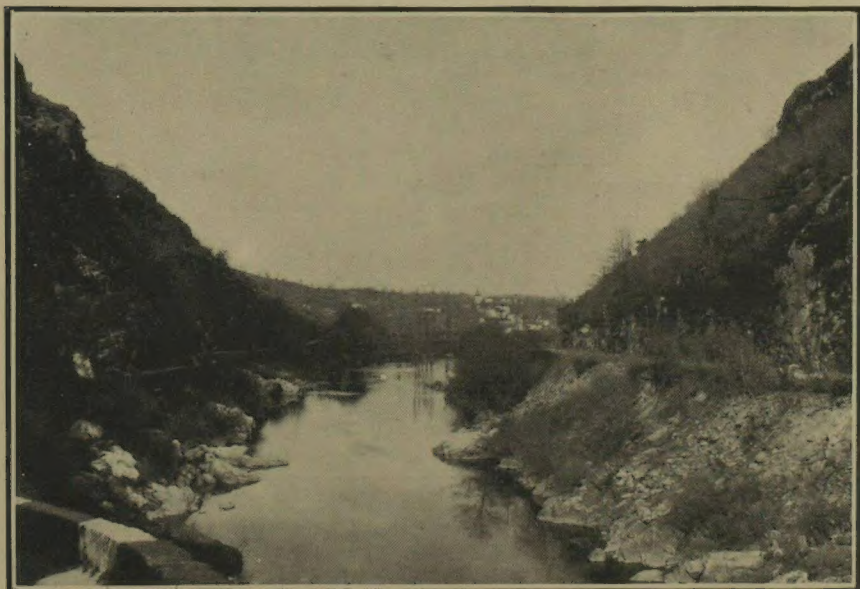
DURING his holiday at Biarritz, the King has been making excursions into the Basque country. His Majesty has visited the town of St. Jean de Luz, ten miles from Biarritz. The town boasts of having resisted the Normans in the ninth century, and in the thirteenth century it was a flourishing place. It enjoyed many peculiar liberties, which were confirmed by Louis XI., who spent a long time there in 1463. It is said that a pilot of the port suggested to Columbus the possible existence of the New World, already seen, legend says, by sailors of St. Jean de Luz. Napoleon thought of raising the town to the position of a great maritime station; but nothing came of his scheme. Towards the end of the Peninsular War, Wellington chose the town as the winter quarters of the Allies, and he made the winter of 1813-14 exceedingly gay with racing and fox-hunting. Wellington himself took the field twice a week, wearing the dress of the Salisbury Hunt. On Sundays the two brigades of Guards held church parade on the sands. Almost every night there were balls and soirées in the old House of Louis XIV. In Judge Advocate Larpent's "Memoirs" it is said that Wellington ordered the mayor to invite to these balls all the ladies he could lay hold of,

King
Alfonso.

KING EDWARD MEETING PRINCESS ENA AT BIARRITZ.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

and that on one occasion these amounted to fifteen elderly Frenchwomen, who came in cloaks, each preceded by a woman-servant carrying a lantern, eighteen tradesmen's daughters, and six English ladies, who rather spoiled the fun by being too genteel to engage in French figures or waltzes. But there was no lack of partners, for the Staff, aides-de-camp, fifty dandy Guardsmen, and two hundred other officers made a very smart squeeze. "What," asks Larpent, "would not your fine ladies in London have given for such a display of gentlemen?" At one of the extremities of the Bay of St. Jean de Luz is Cape Socoa. The old fort on the headland gave our ships of war some trouble on the morn of the day of the battle of the Nivelle. Subsequently, the little harbour at Socoa was utilised for storing the *chasse-marées* with which the famous bridge of boats was built over the Adour during the investment of Bayonne. The King has also visited Cambo, and the romantic Pas de Roland. This excursion is a very favourite one with visitors at Biarritz, the distance by road being eighteen miles. Upper Cambo, or Cambo Ville, where the King lunched, commands a fine view of the river Nive, one of the most attractive of Pyrenean torrents.



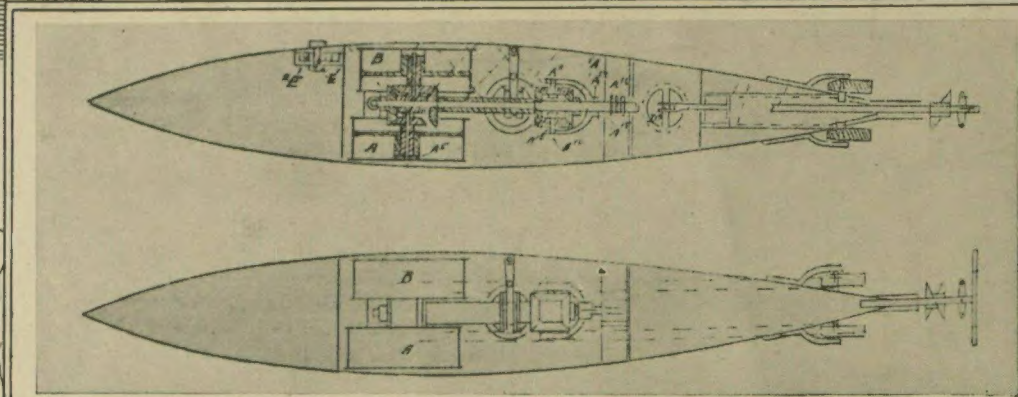
THE PAS DE ROLAND, LOOKING TOWARDS CAMBO.



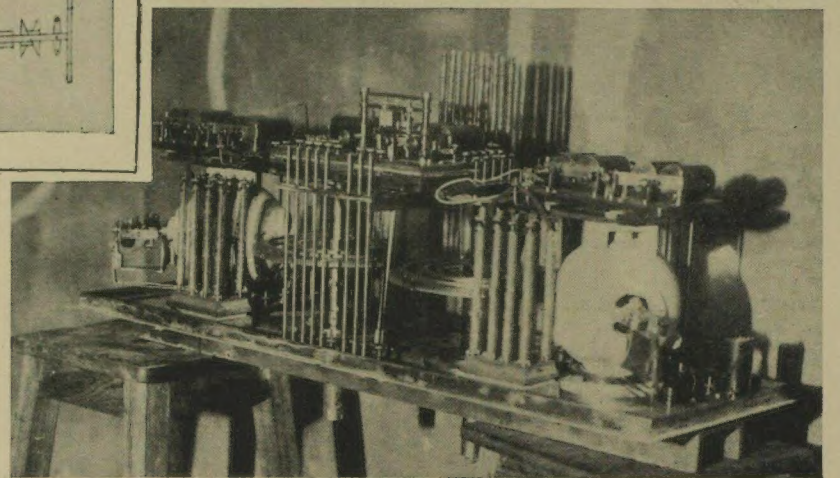
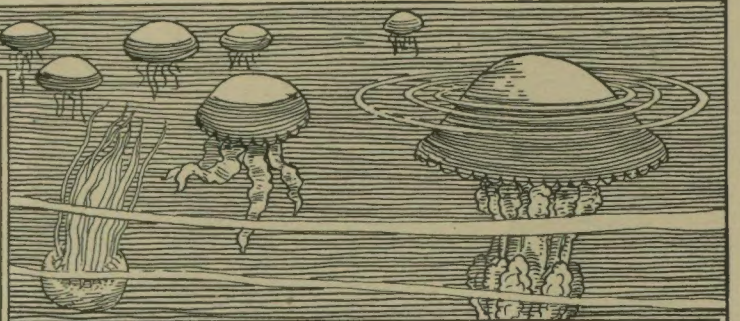
THE TOWN AND HARBOUR OF ST. JEAN DE LUZ.

SELF-DIRECTING TORPEDOES: MECHANICAL AND ELECTRIC CONTROL.

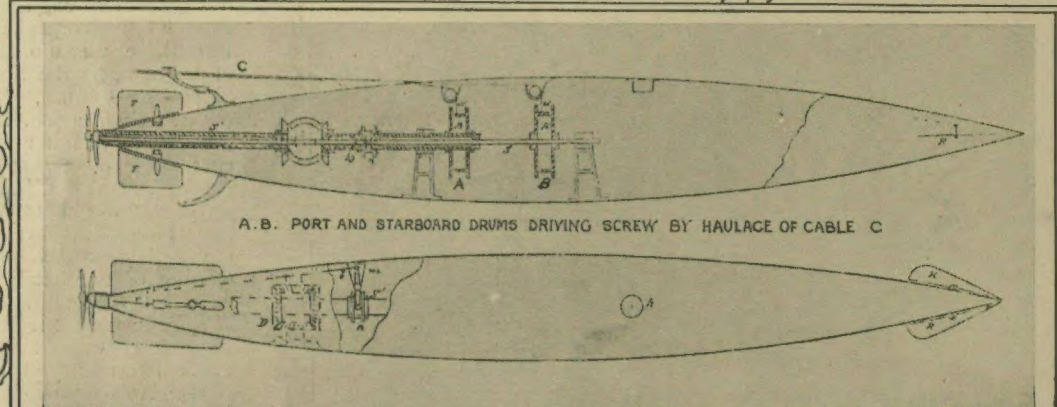
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS; DIAGRAMS AND BORDER BY A. HUGH FISHER.



THE BRENNAN TORPEDO, WORKED BY CABLE.

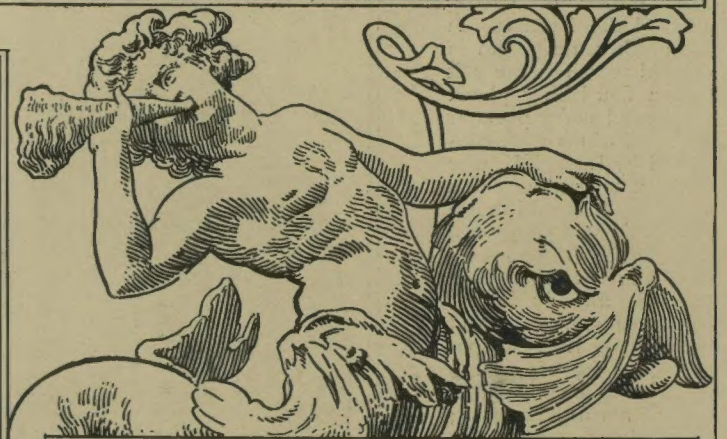


AN INSTRUMENT FOR THE LONG-DISTANCE CONTROL OF BALLOONS AND SHIPS BY AN ADAPTATION OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

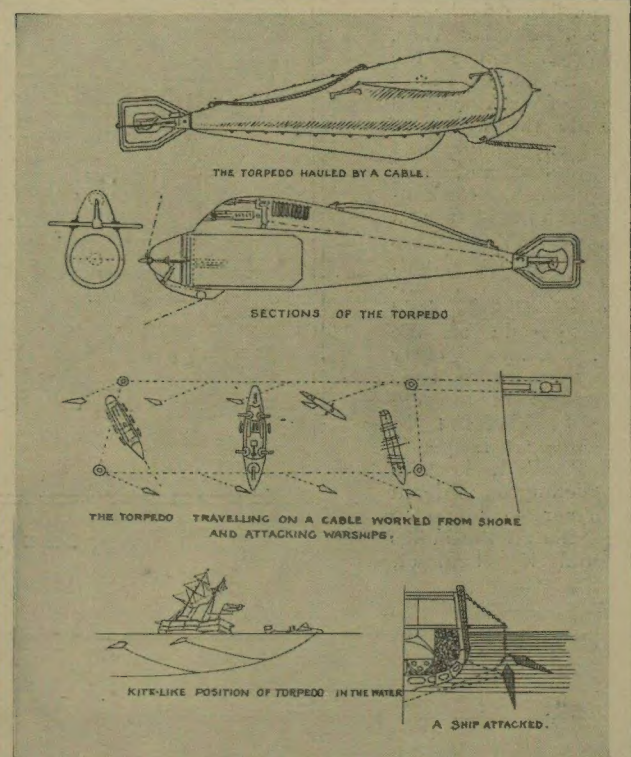


A.B. PORT AND STARBOARD DRUMS DRIVING SCREW BY HAULAGE OF CABLE C

SECTION OF THE DRIVING APPARATUS OF THE BRENNAN TORPEDO.



A NEW AUTOMOBILE TORPEDO WORKED BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHIC APPARATUS, RECENTLY TRIED AT ANTIBES.



THE LÈGÈ TORPEDO WORKED BY CABLES FROM SHORE.



The Admiralty have lately been experimenting at Sheerness with the Brennan torpedo, which can be directed from the shore by the haulage of a cable. On the shaft of the torpedo's screws are two drums on which the cable is wound. According as the haulage is on one drum or the other, the course of the torpedo is directed. Another cable-hauled torpedo is the Lègè. A never-ending cable revolves horizontally on four drums set on the sea-floor and driven from the shore. To this the torpedo is attached by a cable which acts exactly like the string of a kite. A series of torpedoes is thus kept continually moving across the track of war-ships. Our fourth picture is of a torpedo guided by Hertzian waves (wireless telegraphy), which has just been tried at Antibes. The apparatus for controlling ships and balloons at long distances is called "Telekin," and has been invented by Señor Quevedo, a Spanish engineer.

"THE BEAUTY OF BATH," AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE.

DRAWN BY W RUSSELL FLINT.

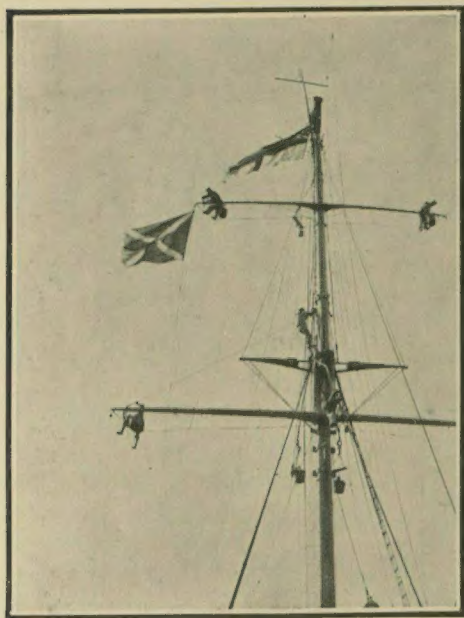
Miss Ellaline Terriss.



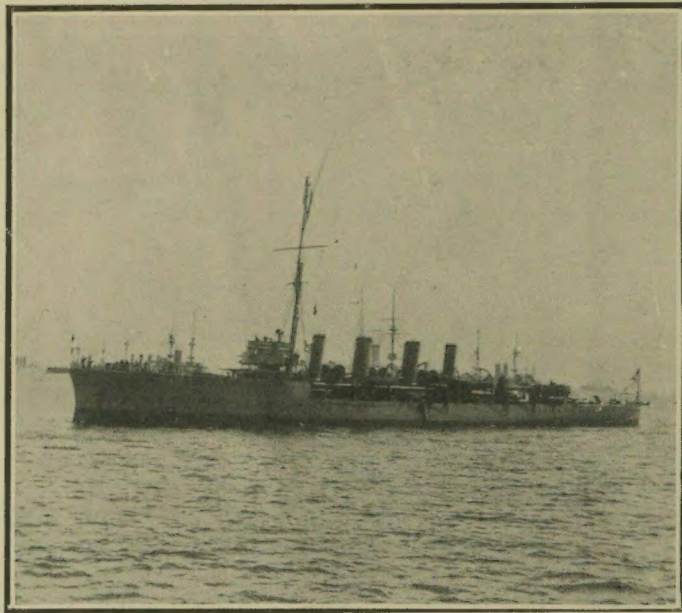
THE PRETTY NEW MUSICAL PLAY, ACT I.: APPEARANCE OF "THE BEAUTY OF BATH" (MISS ELLALINE TERRISS).
IN THE FOYER OF THE MASCOT THEATRE.

[SEE "THE PLAYHOUSES."]

MANY THEMES IN SMALL COMPASS: A PHOTOGRAPHIC NOTE-BOOK.



A SHIP'S TOILET: CLEANING DOWN ALOFT.



THE EYES OF THE FLEET: A SCOUT LYING AT ANCHOR READY FOR SERVICE.



THE NATIONAL MONUMENT OF THE YOUNG IRELAND SOCIETY AT CORK.

The first photograph is rather unusual, and shows some of the gymnastic feats that sailors have to perform in the course of their ordinary duty. Below the ensign is the Cross of St. Andrew, signalling that the doctor is on board and ready for duty. The other photograph shows one of the smart scouts recently added to the Navy. These vessels may be distinguished from torpedo-boats by the tall mast which carries the electrodes of the wireless telegraphic installation.

The national monument, which has been erected at Cork by the Cork branch of the Young Ireland Society, was unveiled on St. Patrick's Day. Photograph copyright by Mr. St. John Lang.



Photo. Hoffmann, Berlin.

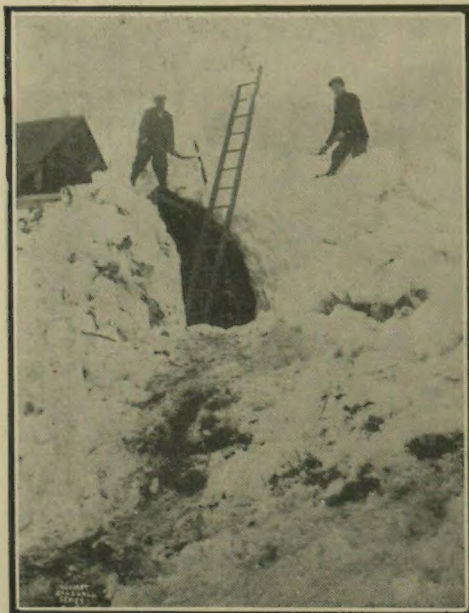
CHINESE COMMISSIONERS IN BERLIN FOR THE STUDY OF EUROPEAN INSTITUTIONS.

An Imperial Chinese Mission has been sent out to study social and commercial problems in Europe. The commissioners are just now making investigations in Berlin. Some time ago Chinese envoys made an extended tour of the great centres of British industry.



THE CHURCH RIOTS IN FRANCE: CHURCH DOOR BARRED WITH TREE-TRUNKS.

At Barges, Haute Loire, the peasants defied the inventory-takers by obstructing the church door with tree-trunks piled together end-outwards. The peasants themselves, armed with bludgeons, mounted guard outside.



THE RECENT GREAT SNOWSTORM IN SCOTLAND: DIGGING OUT A HOUSE.

A house at Heights of Docharty, near Dingwall, was almost completely buried, and the inhabitants had to dig their way out. Their only possible exit was by way of the roof.



Photos. Urquhart.

SNOWY RAMPARTS IN THE NORTH: DEEP SNOW-WREATHS NEAR DINGWALL.

The photograph was taken on the great wall near Dingwall after the heavy snowfall, and shows the deep cutting that had to be made before traffic could be resumed. The snow on each side was piled in ramparts more than breast-high, after the diggers had cleared a path.

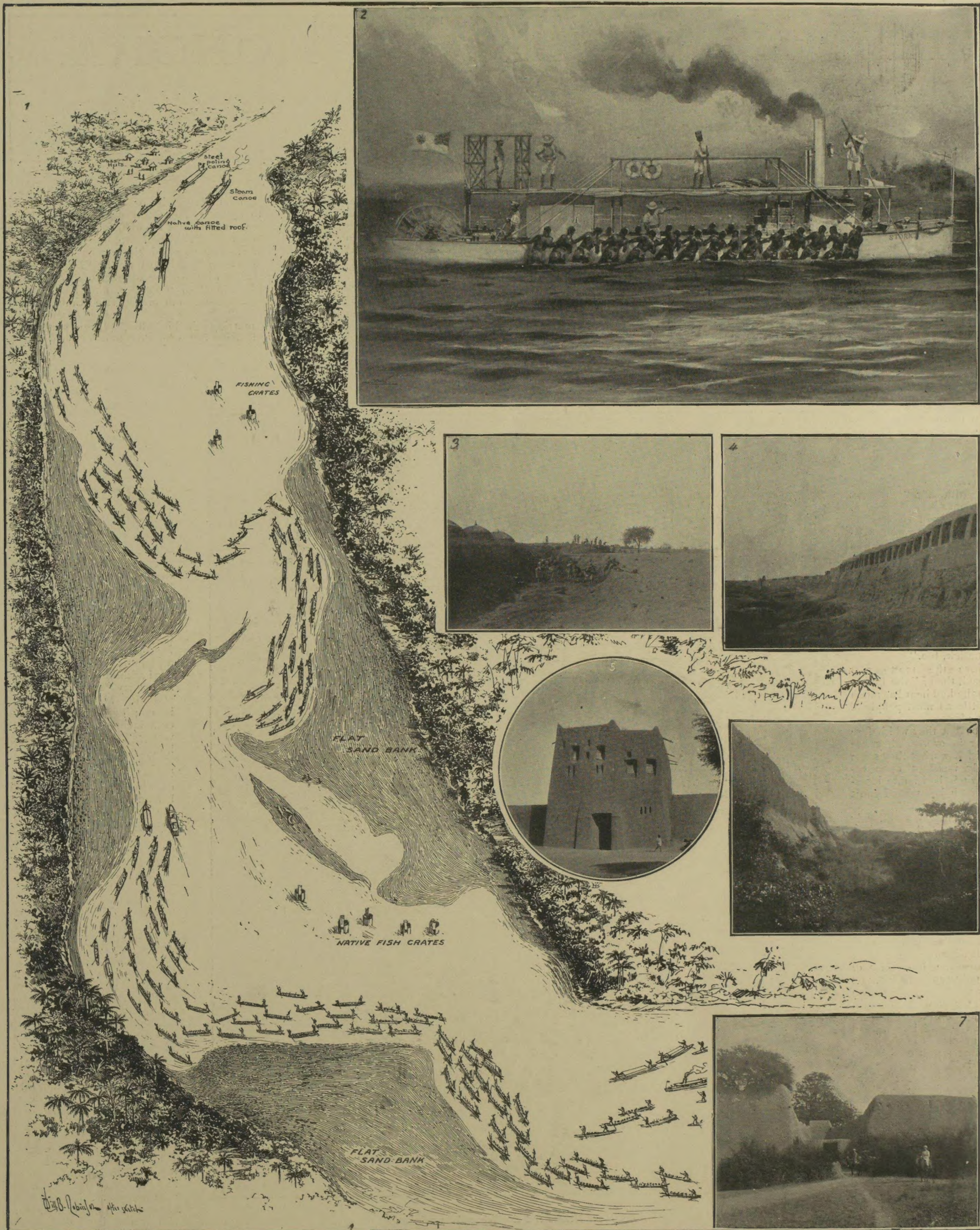


THE FRENCH ECCLESIASTICAL RIOTS: FORCING A CHURCH DOOR.

When the officers appeared at the church of Saugues, Haute Loire, they were fiercely resisted, and the people were only overcome after some bloodshed. Two workmen then forced the door.

THE SUCCESSFUL MUNSHI EXPEDITION IN NORTHERN NIGERIA.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW BY W. B. ROBINSON, AND DRAWING BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITION.



1. A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE EXPEDITION'S FLOTILLA ON THE BENUE RIVER.

The flotilla transported thirty-six officers, thirty-six horses, and 1500 native soldiers 200 miles up the Benue River. It included three stern-wheel barges, four steel house-boats, fourteen native canoes with covered roofs, and 160 ordinary native canoes. The expedition has returned to Jungeru, having secured the submission of the rebellious tribes who had attacked Abinsi.

2. MANUAL AID FOR STEAM: NATIVES HAULING A STERN-WHEEL STEAMER OVER THE SAND FLATS OF THE BENUE.

The barge draws one foot six inches of water only, and carries four tons. These sand flats are frequent on the Benue.

3. HAUSAS BUILDING THE FORT AT SOKOTO.

4. THE GREAT WALL OF KANO FROM WITHIN, SHOWING RECESSES FOR RIFLES.

5. HAUSA ARCHITECTURE: THE KING'S HOUSE AT BEBEJI, NEAR KANO.

6. THE GREAT DITCH OUTSIDE THE FIFTY-FOOT WALL AT KANO. (NOTE VULTURES ON THE WALL.)

The wall is 13 miles round and 50 feet high. It is made of clay so hard that the 75-millimetre guns had no effect on it.

7. CURIOUS NIGERIAN DEFENCES: A RECESSED GATEWAY IN THE GREAT WALL AT KANO.

THE HAPPINESS OF HONORA.

By MAYNE LINDSAY.

Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

SPRING came round to the Hotel Rabenecke after a white winter, during which no visitors occupied the rooms once tenanted by the old counts and their diminutive court, and landlord Hugo Meyer, otherwise Prince Hugo of Donnerstein, tasted some of the placid sweets of exile. He had spent the dead season pleasantly, soothed by the success of the departed year and his freedom from etiquette and his Aunt Sophia; but he was not sorry when, upon a fresh March morning, he received a telegram asking him to reserve rooms for a party. The castle was spring-cleaned and aired by this time, waiting for the tide of tourists; the preliminary ripple came at an opportune moment, neither too early nor too late.

"Americans again," Willy zu Rotheim said, when the news that the coach would be required for the long forest drive penetrated to him. "We seem to have hit the Transatlantic fancy. 'Mrs. Upcott, Miss H. Upcott.' Hannah? Hattie? It does not matter much anyway. This will be an elderly lady in leading-strings, with a daughter at the business end of them. Mrs. Upcott will be secretly pining for the stove and rocking-chair of her youth, and she will be destined never more to encounter them. . . . If you come to that, when I think of Rotheim and the good people who used to love me there, I see small hope of returning to them in my old age, and I am soft enough to be homesick, too."

"Have the mortgagees foreclosed, then?" the Prince said, for he had heard as much or as little as most people of Willy's affairs.

"No; but they will before the year is over. They are not bad fellows, but they seem strangely insistent upon receiving their legitimate interest, which is just what I can't go on giving them."

"Willy, if you would only let me remit—"

"Sire!" The Count caught the brown hand and kissed it. "Not for worlds. Don't I know your Highness, too, has had difficulties, and met them square-shouldered, like a man? My service is yours to my last breath: let me have the privilege of giving it without self-seeking. We know the lip-loyalty of courts only too well, Sir, you and I, and there's the reason for my earnest wish to follow you to the world's end, if need be, with the sufficient reward of your gracious friendship. I don't often speak of this, do I? It is because it is too close to my heart, I think. Some day, when your Highness comes to the throne no backbiting narrowness can keep you from, I'll win Rotheim back, if you wish it, in the King's service, without favour. Till then it must take its chance. . . . And all this is a long way from the American ladies. As there are only two of them, perhaps the wagonette might do."

"No, here is another wire, which followed theirs," Hugo said, withdrawing an affectionate glance from the young man. No one knew better than he the value of respected reticences; and he was more touched by the little self-revelation than he cared to show. He went on with their business. "Mr. Arthur Chevenix Meddlingham will arrive by the noon mail, and hopes to be transported to Rabenecke, with his valet and traps, in time for dinner. It will have to be the coach, you see."

"Meddlingham! That must be poor Kingsvere's brother. He used to talk to me about him sometimes. He said he was a 'shocking ass'—Willy quoted the English emphatically. "Kingsvere is evidently still alive, or this precious sprig would have the title; but he was dying of heart-disease when I

saw him last summer, just before our—new departure. Now I spy heiresses, because Meddlingham has the most expensive tastes, and his Lordship was getting weary of gratifying them. And, to be sure, I begin to remember Kingsvere spoke of a girl who had inherited an uncle's fortune, and—yes—Upcott was the name."

The Prince could not help regretting, as he went away, that it was a pity Willy's inconvenient simplicity prevented his spying out an heiress for himself; gold, whether American or home-grown, would have been so useful at Rotheim. The same idea recurred with stronger force a day or two later, when he saw Miss Honora Upcott, very fair, patrician, and friendly, descending from the coach-ladder. She thanked the driver sweetly when she touched the ground, and landlord Hugo saw

impressed upon me, on the only occasion he condescended to speak to me, that it was he who had read our advertisement and first decided to come here. The old lady thinks a great deal of him, for reasons not difficult to discover. She inquired kindly after his brother's health, and was grieved to hear that the Viscount is very ill indeed. She put him on the seat beside her daughter. She has the manners of a vulture, and Kingsvere, of course, has been an unconscionable time a-dying. Ugh!"

"Oh, a marriage in high life," Hugo said, mildly amused. "I see. But why this tone of virtuous disgust, Willy? There have been such things even in Donnerstein. It would not be a bad puff for Rabenecke if it were announced from here. Think how the engagement would interest the Yankee Press."

He received no answer but another grunt, and the interview ended. Later on, when waiting upon the new arrivals, he saw that Willy's conjecture came sufficiently near the mark to account for the early appearance of the party in Rabenecke. Mr. Meddlingham was coquetting with his opportunity, and Mrs. Upcott, who appeared to have conducted a recent campaign on the Riviera unsuccessfully, had pursued him into solitude with a view to settling the business. She talked of her four elder daughters, all well married, and one to an Italian Marquis; but it was plain that a potential British peer, as the final addition to the bag, was a quarry worth persistent stalking. Meddlingham knew it too; his insufferable self-complacency made the healthy young Prince long to kick him.

And the daughter? There, indeed, judgment was less easy to pronounce. Her beauty became a cloak, behind which the living woman of possible power and passions was invisible. She was not bored by the Honourable Arthur, or, if she were, she covered her feelings admirably; but, on the other hand, she did not kindle at his proximity. Hugo was inclined to look upon her as a beautiful statue, one of the exquisite clay-cold daughters of the New World, whose detachment serves them so much better than old-fashioned inflammability. She might, so far as his estimation went, have remained at that, if his position had not allowed him a peculiar access to her. Miss Upcott, who was intelligently interested in her surroundings, found it necessary to appeal to the landlord a good many times a day for information, and because it was impossible for her to suspect that she was engaging one of the most original Princes in Europe, she slid rapidly into a genuine liking for the young man's shrewd conversation. Indeed, she expanded, or thawed, into simply a fresh-minded, rather naïve girl, which no outside

onlooker at the three-cornered affair would have guessed her to be.

She had met Hugo at the door of his office cell one morning, and gone with him to the courtyard, to see the wards his mammoth keys should fit. This allowed him to show her, with pardonable pride, his store-room, that had been the powder-chamber of a less humdrum age, and it brought them in the end to the granary, where Mr. Meyer's jurisdiction ended and Mr. Coachman's began. They came upon Willy here, his back turned to them, very busy, and whistling as he worked; and as they walked away unobserved Prince Hugo heard a meditative sigh from his companion.

"It is very difficult for a man of low birth to rise in Germany, is it not?" Miss Upcott queried.

"That depends on what you mean by rising," Hugo

[Continued overleaf.]



On it sat Honora and the Rabenecke coachman.

the pleasure in his face. Behind her was a mother of a brisk type, far removed from the meek satellite of Willy's conjecture, and overhead peered a young man, querulously urging an English servant to take care of his dressing-case. He took Willy's hand after this utterance, and minced down the ladder in a ladylike way.

"So that's your Meddlingham!" Hugo said, when he and Rotheim were alone again. "I don't think much of him."

Willy ordered a horse to stand over with unusual tartness.

"S-sss-s—" he said, curry-combing viciously, his visage obscured by his attitude. "Ach! The fellow is, as Kingsvere said of him, an ass. But what concern of ours is that? He is an English milo d, and he

UNIQUE AND IMPRESSIVE SCENES OF THE ROYAL TOUR IN INDIA.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) AND DRAWING BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



AN IMPROMPTU CURIO-MARKET FOR THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

Mr. Begg writes: "In many of the Native States, merchants were allowed to bring their goods and establish a sort of temporary bazaar in the garden of the Residency or palace, as the case might be, so that if the Prince and Princess felt inclined, they could, without leaving the grounds, buy specimens of any industry or any curiosity peculiar to the district."



A RIVER OF FLAME AT BENARES—THE MOST IMPRESSIVE SCENE OF THE TOUR: THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES ON THE GANGES AT NIGHT.

From the waterworks to the Dufferin Bridge the whole of the vast frontage was outlined in rows and streams of light. The platforms of the principal ghats stood out more clearly than by day with their rows upon rows of lamps, marking the tiers of steps, while cubes and cones of fire revealed the shapes of the riverside temples and chapels, and again here and there some narrow pyramid of steps running up between the dark walls appeared like a cascade of gold rushing down to meet the river. And far over all twinkled two lights marking the summits of the two minarets of Aurungzebe.

said. "The ladder of learning is accessible; and poor boys have become rich merchants, if they haven't soared so high as to be Ensigns of the Guard, who are quite the biggest people in this Empire, in their own estimation."

She smiled, an April smile that vanished.

"I can follow that," she said. "Mr. Meddingham was some sort of an officer in the King of England's Guards, which are, I believe, even more purely ornamental than your own. . . . Merchants? Yes; but you want ambition for that, don't you? You must not be too easily pleased with being poor, and—and in a subordinate position. In America an errand-boy may become President, and it is his nature to practise rude ways of letting you know it. The thought is a part of himself, and helps him to get somewhere. But you Europeans are so disgracefully cheerful in humility."

Hugo smiled too, but held his tongue; he knew that no woman argues solely from the general, and he was curious to hear more.

"You think I am accusing you!" Miss Upcott said, blushing at his silence. "Excuse me, but I am doing nothing of the kind. I think you *do* make use of your capabilities, and I see no reason why you should not be a Ritz presently. No, I was worrying over the case of your coachman. He is the best-looking man I ever saw; his manners are perfectly sweet; he would grace any society, and yet he can sing over his stable-work, and touch his cap to you."

"Gracious Fräulein, is it possible you are confusing externals with ability?" Hugo said gravely.

She stopped a moment while she thought that over. Then—

"He is certainly too nice not to be clever," she said.

"In America, as I said before, he would just graft, and end up as a railroad president. I know one—Murchison B. Wankley, who is pretty much what your coachman will be like to look at in ten years' time."

The flight of feminine argument was a little eccentric, but the Prince took a general impression of it back to his sanctum and his pipe, and smoked a bowl full upon it. The result was his appearance at Mrs. Upcott's elbow the same evening, when the matron, sitting apart, was nodding over an elderly copy of the *North American Review*. She started out of her doze.

"I have come to suggest, Madam," Mine Host said deferentially, "that it is fine enough now for forest excursions, and that if you wished it, I could arrange some for you. There is Prince Stefan's hunting-lodge at Wildau—very interesting, and can be seen when his Royal Highness is not in residence on presentation of visiting-card; there is the lake; there are lovely glades, and brooklets for fishing."

"You mean trout-streams, I guess," Mrs. Upcott said encouragingly. "It all sounds very nice. I am not a sightseer myself, because the late General showed me the round world in record time, and I've been tired ever since, but my daughter just loves castles and rivers. You ride to them, do you? Very well, Mr. Meddingham shall take her to-morrow."

"A guide will be indispensable, Madam," Hugo said. Mrs. Upcott yawned.

"That's all right; you can tell that to Miss Honora," she said. "You had better pick a good horse for her, for she dotes on fire and blood and that. Mr. Meddingham—"

But Hugo had his own ideas about Mr. Meddingham, based on a plaint from that individual that exercise made him uncomfortable. It had led him, in fact, to the suggestion just proffered. Now that he had received his instructions he went away, and ordered Willy to be ready to show the two younger visitors the environs of Wildau next morning.

"She's a nice girl," he said confidentially. "She has told me she loves a good canter; and I think she'd be pleased with Hussar's paces. I have ordered Blitzen for the young man."

"Umph!" said Willy. "What does *that* mean, Sir? Blitzen isn't exactly an arm-chair. Do you want to shake him up? But it's none of my business. How the dickens, though, can I escort a lady? Your Royal Highness appears to forget these are my groom's breeches." He went to his wardrobe and began to ransack it moodily, and there the Machiavellian Hugo left him. He was not afraid that the Count zu Rotheim, even *incognito* and in a clumsy disguise, would suffer by comparison with Mr. Arthur Meddingham in all his glory; and he had great faith in the persuasion of propinquity.

The trio rode out of the castle gate into a flood of clear sunshine the next morning, and it was dusk before the forest glades gave them up again. They went together; but they returned in dribbles, Miss Upcott and the guide first, and her legitimate cavalier half an hour later, just when the maternal interrogation was beginning to get shrill.

"You lost him! I never heard of such a thing, Honora. How could you lose him?"

"He would not come on, Mamma; I guess that was the way of it," Honora said. "His boots or something were too tight, and he didn't like being trotted, and his horse fairly despised any other gait. It played cup-and-ball with him pretty much all the time. So at last, when it began to get dark, Mr. Meyer's man said we must get a hustle on, and we hustled, and that's the last I saw of—Oh, well, there now! Here he is. Mr. Meddingham, I hope you are not too poorly. I was telling Mamma you couldn't ride much because it made you sick. It was your boots, wasn't it?"

"Nothing of the kind," Meddingham said, dismounting by jerks. "Where's that groom fellow? What did he mean by whisking you away in such a beastly hurry? Where is the landlord? This horse is a perfect brute; never rode such a raw-edged beast in my life. . . . Landlord, I want a hot bath. Excursions are awful rot."

"I love them," Honora said, with a flash of spirit. "I'm going fishing to-morrow, but I wouldn't dream of troubling you to come, because I don't want to tire you. May I, Mamma?"

Mrs. Upcott looked at her in a dazed way.

"Fishing is a quiet kind of sport," she said. "Perhaps Mr. Meddingham will be rested in the morning." She turned to the young man; but he was already hobbling painfully towards the stairs, and presently they heard him groaning as he ascended.

"Yes; I'll be ready at eleven," Honora said to an invisible somebody, and there followed the clatter of horses being led away. Hugo proceeded after it when he had seen to the requirements of his clients, and a glimmering lantern invited him to the stable.

"Did you have a pleasant day?" he said, leaning against the door, and addressing the flitting figure inside. Willy chuckled.

"Old Blitzen shook him up properly," he said. "He has a remnant of manliness in him all the same, for he didn't half like confessing he was done before the lady. And she has a sense of humour, too; by Heaven she has! You would think she was too beautiful." He spoke with some enthusiasm.

Mr. Meddingham did not come to breakfast the next morning, and Hugo digested a fragmentary conversation between the mother and daughter while he waited upon them. It was, to him, the natural outcome of yesterday's enterprise; but its drift appeared to be less plain to Mrs. Upcott.

"I can't say you are behaving kindly to the young man, Honora. He has gotten himself a bad shaking on your account; the least you can do is to wait and ask him how he is. Besides, you can't go ranging about alone in that forest. There might be brigands in it."

"There aren't any brigands in this part of Germany. We passed the trout-stream yesterday; it isn't far," Honora said. Then carelessly—"If you wish it, Mamma, I will ask Mr. Meyer to let me have the guide again."

"I'm sure you had better," her mother said. "Mr. Meddingham said before he didn't think the forest was any place for a solitary young lady."

Honora rose, a vision of youthful grace and freshness, and Mrs. Upcott sat on, tapping her bejewelled fingers abstractedly upon the table. She did not know quite what to make of her daughter to-day. Arthur Meddingham found himself to be equally at a loss; for when he dragged himself out with rod and basket after lunch, he discovered no fair fisherwoman at the streamside, and came home to tea disgusted. Miss Honora returned not long after, radiant, with Willy behind her bearing six small trout.

"Look!" she said. "Aren't they dears? The man showed me how to catch them. He put a nice fat grub on—"

"A grub!" Meddingham exclaimed, genuinely shocked. "These Germans are perfect savages. But where were you, may I ask? I hunted up and down the stream."

"Oh, he told me about a cunning little lake, not there at all," Honora said. "I'm sorry you troubled to come. I thought you would be still nursing your bruises. . . . I wonder if Mr. Meyer would mind having these cooked for me?"

So the primitive subtlety of maidenhood was not yet extinct in America! Hugo had set the ball a-rolling, but now it began to spin of itself, and every day he saw Honora, the twentieth-century Galatea, blush towards life at the magic of the unseen gods. Mrs. Upcott may have been equally conscious of revolution, but she was completely at a loss as to its origin. She was not a goose, but she had been dulled by the complaisance of those four elder daughters, the willing victims upon the matrimonial altar; and it certainly never occurred to her to suspect that Mr. Meyer's modest factotum, so indispensable to Honora's new craze for arboreal pursuits, could have the power of showing himself in a stronger light, out among the trees and forest-creatures, and the little caressing breezes of the spring.

The final catastrophe marched, as great events will, swiftly, and drew the spectators with it into the vortex. It was heralded by a letter that had nothing to do with it, a letter bearing the Austrian post-mark inside the banker's cover to Herr Hugo Meyer, and informing our exile that a grateful Archduchess was suing, not in vain, for the Queen's forgiveness for him. It made Hugo pensive, and even melancholy, for it showed him that the sands of his freedom must be running very low. Aunt Sophia had a good German's respect for the Hapsburgs, even though the antiquity of the House of Donnerstein admitted no peers across the border. It began to look as if the world were about to lose a very excellent hotel-keeper, and to regain an indifferent Prince. The thought left Hugo a little anxious on Rotheim's behalf. It was so essential that the young man should become enmeshed before recollections of his anomalous poverty restrained him; and before, too, knowledge of his rank and courtly glory shattered Honora's unconscious advances. This was indeed, an hour when marring mothers might rush in where cautious princelings would fear to tread. Hugo walked very circumspectly during the last weeks of his liberty; but in the end his deep-laid machinations were rewarded by success.

He was leaning on the wall of the battlements one afternoon, wondering how much longer the present ease would remain to him, when he saw Meddingham hurry across the drawbridge. Hugo craned to watch him, hardly daring to hope for the cause of his disturbance, and then went down himself to see. He picked up the Honourable Arthur again in the courtyard, where he was pushing an agitated face under Mrs. Upcott's parasol. The latter was bewildered, suspicious, and indignant all at once, and Meddingham's incoherences were providing nebulous answers to her questions.

"I don't understand what it is all about; I don't indeed," Hugo heard her saying. "You want me to go to fetch Honora! You say she isn't sick, and that she is just sitting in the forest, and yet you insist I must get her in right away! Oh, of all the—Well, I guess I want an explanation."

"I c-can't explain," Meddingham stammered. "You'll have to bring her away yourself, and I'm awfully afraid you'll get a shock. I did."

"At my daughter!" Mrs. Upcott said, and she

took a forward step, and her nostrils expanded. She looked so like a charger responding to the call to arms that Hugo Meyer threw himself into the breach. Meddingham vanished, not quite wringing his hands, perhaps, seeing that hand-wringing is obsolete, but certainly shaken for the nonce out of his dense complacency.

"If the gracious lady will permit," Mine Host said softly at her elbow, "I will at once lead her to the Fräulein's resting-place in the forest, in order that she may reassure herself. The Fräulein went to sketch, and my man has carried her camp-stool, and is, I am sure, taking all due care of her. Mr. Meddingham is . . . strange to-day."

"Very strange," Mrs. Upcott said with a sniff. "I believe you. Yes, I reckon this wants my personal observation. Lead on, Mr. Landlord, and let me get at the root of it. Oh, you don't tell me there is anything wrong with Honora! Besides, he said there wasn't."

Her ejaculations, spasmodic and indignant, sprinkled the half-mile that lay between them and their destination. Hugo led her down a winding path between the thickets, and he kept his eyes alert before him as he went. They debouched suddenly into a weft of sunlight, and he caught his breath, and caught the woman's wrist, too; and so, for one sharp instant of his joyful understanding, held her back.

There was a grassy glade before them, through which a little brown stream wound and gurgled. A fallen tree-trunk lay on the near bank, bordered by young ferns and violet roots, and on it sat Honora and the Rabenecke coachman, side by side and hand in hand.

"Gracious mercy!" said Mrs. Upcott.

Honora turned her head and saw them. She sprang up in a graceful confusion. Willy rose too, very red, very handsome, very erect, and sought the Prince's eye, and flashed a despairing entreaty into its friendly depths. Then he stepped out and bowed magnificently to Honora's mother.

"Madam, the fault is mine," he said. "I have the audacity to love your daughter, and to ask her to marry me, and she has had the wonderful kindness to say that she is willing."

"Mad!" said Mrs. Upcott, in a pungent monosyllable. She glared at the two, her fluent tongue restrained by the abnormal horror of the situation.

Honora gave a little proud gesture, and smiled upon her lover.

"It is the privilege of an American woman to marry whom she chooses," she said. "I choose this man, and what he may be now matters nothing to me. He will be—anything he cares to make himself. *He* can work as an honest man, anyway." She left her mother to supply the man who couldn't.

Mrs. Upcott gave some indications that her pent-up emotions were near explosion. Once more Hugo intervened, nodding reassurance to Willy.

"Perhaps I can explain," he said. "This gentleman, who has been good enough to share my obscurity in a humble but honourable position"—that was for Honora, who glowed at it—"is—er—a little better born than he looks. I can prove to your satisfaction that he is Rittmeister the Graf Wilhelm zu und von Rotheim, of his Majesty's the King of Donnerstein's Lancers of the Guard, and my own Master of Horse, and that he has by no means forfeited these high positions because he has amused himself so usefully at Rabenecke."

There were a hundred questions in Honora's eyes, each one urgent enough to throw Mrs. Upcott's congestion into comparative insignificance. Willy, however, tore himself away from them loyally, and bounded forward.

"Ah, my Prince!" he said. "Who am I that you should reveal your secrets for me? I would have kept it dark until you commanded me to speak."

"I know you would, Willy," the Prince said smiling. "Other people, however, have their rights to enlightenment, and you must agree that these ladies are among them. Besides, it will be all out in a day or two. I have my recall to the court, and now that I have the great joy of seeing your part in our mutual escapade end so happily, I shall almost return in contentment."

"Who—?" gasped Mrs. Upcott.

Prince Hugo offered her an arm, bending towards her empurpled visage in a soothing way. "You will let the Count tell all the details to Miss Honora himself, won't you?" he pleaded. "It is really rather a quaint story. I do hope you won't think too badly of the pair of us. After all, it's not my fault I was born a Prince of Donnerstein, and I mean to try to be quite a good one in the future. And as for Willy, count or coachman, he is absolutely the best fellow in the world, as your beautiful daughter, dear lady, has had the wit to discover."

Mrs. Upcott took his arm mechanically. She was dazed, and she moved heavily.

"You know," Prince Hugo said confidentially into her ear, as he steered her away from the scene of Willy's explanations "I want a little sympathy as well as the Herr Graf, who I trust will be receiving full measure. I have been very happy as the host of Rabenecke, and now that I have to return to being a mere Royalty, I want you to be very sorry for me. Do you suppose we shall meet at Donnerstein? You mustn't let your daughter make her entry to the Court alone, must you? Do say you'll permit yourself to be presented!"

And Mrs. Upcott, feebly struggling to keep her head in a giddy situation, was understood to say that she was not unwilling.

"I am consoled," said Prince Hugo, his brown eyes twinkling at the unresponsive keep of the castle. He retained the twinkle with an effort, for some officious idiot, enlightened in his absence, was raising upon it a familiar standard. It blew out to its full extent, flapping pretentiously upon the free airs of heaven. Hugo paused and saluted, by way of acknowledging that pranks were at an end. After all, he was the servant of the flag, and it called for his service, not as Mine Host of Rabenecke, but as the heir to the throne of Donnerstein.

THE END.

THE LAST POINT OF THE PRINCE'S INDIAN TOUR: KARACHI.

VISITED BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.
MARCH 17-19.



THE SIND CLUB, KARACHI.

THE Prince of Wales sailed from Karachi on March 19, but on the 17th he took his official farewell of India when he replied to the Municipal address at Karachi. At that place more almost than in any other part of India, the visitor is



WHERE THE PRINCE SAILED FROM INDIA: KARACHI HARBOUR.



FRERE HALL, KARACHI.

Upper Chenab, and the whole produce flowing through Karachi will make it one of the greatest of wheat ports. In his farewell speech the Prince said: "Our journey has in all parts of India been most happy and delightful, thanks



PANORAMA OF THE TOWN OF KARACHI.

reminded of the extraordinary change worked by the British rule. Before the conquest of Sind, Karachi was an insignificant town, and the harbour sheltered only a few fishing-boats. Now its trade is valued at £21,000,000 sterling, and in a single twelvemonth it has exported 1,300,000 tons of wheat, a sufficient proof of the importance of Sind and the Punjab as sources of the wheat supply. Great tracts of country are being brought under cultivation on the Upper Jhelam and the

to the love and goodwill that have been evinced by all classes. We have been deeply impressed by that feeling of loyalty to the Crown and devotion to the person of the King-Emperor, which has been displayed ever since we first set foot on Indian soil; and we have been also greatly touched by the evident memories of affection towards my dear brother which still remain in the hearts of those with whom he was brought into contact during his stay in India, some sixteen years ago."



THE LADIES' GYMKHANA, KARACHI.



THE ENGLISH CHURCH, KARACHI.



THE PUBLIC GARDENS, KARACHI.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES ON THE SACRED RIVER OF INDIA.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

Princess.



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Prince.

EARLY MORNING ON THE GANGES: THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES VISITING THE BATHING GHATS IN BENARES.

On the morning of February 20 the Prince and Princess of Wales embarked on the state barge of the Maharajah of Benares, and sailed down the Ganges. They passed the Ghats, where thousands of pious Hindus were bathing. On the steps were great crowds of fakirs and pilgrims. Their Royal Highnesses also saw the funeral pyres smoking on the Burning Ghat.

THE LARGEST ELEPHANT IN INDIA CARRIES THE PRINCE THROUGH BENARES.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



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THE PROCESSION OF ELEPHANTS DURING THE STATE ENTRY OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES INTO BENARES, FEBRUARY 19

At the Benares Town Hall the Prince and Princess of Wales were presented with an address. They then rode in state through the streets. Their elephant was the largest in India, and carried a golden howdah with magnificent trappings. Upon the second elephant rode the Maharajah of Benares and Sir James D. La Touche. There were in all twenty-four elephants in the procession.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

THERE are so many novelists, probably, because the writing of novels appears to be "a soft job," and success much of a lottery, while education is quite unnecessary to the author. The novel of the year, as far as popularity goes, may be ignorant fustian. There is no accounting for the caprices of uneducated taste, and the fact probably tempts hundreds of novelists to produce a ticket for the great lottery and try their luck.

Yet an ambitious or avaricious man will prefer other professions. As a barrister, a scientific inventor, a surgeon, a physician, a solicitor, not to speak of a financier, a man may acquire gains compared with which those of the most popular novelist are puny. I feel saddened by the opening paragraph of one of our learned papers, which devotes itself solely to literature. Here we learn that "the popularity of Mr. Silas Hocking as a novelist now dates back for close on thirty years. It has been stated by his publishers" (whose names are modestly concealed by a veil which I am unable to lift) "that over all that period the sale of his novels has averaged over one thousand copies a week."

Yet I am not aware that I ever saw such a thing as a novel by Mr. Silas Hocking, and certainly I never heard any man, woman, or child mention one of these romances. Where do these vast armies of novels conceal themselves from the gaze of an avid novel-reader whose unpopularity is coeval with the popularity of the fortunate and meritorious author? His merit is obvious; we never hear any remonstrative uproar against Mr. Hocking as a plagiarist, or as "a daring" (which commonly means a disgusting) genius; or even as a shining "stylist." It follows that he writes wholesome novels in plain English: the style which was good enough for Dean Swift, though it is now derided in cultivated circles. These logical inferences are most creditable to the genius of Mr. Hocking and to the taste of his immense public.

"Immense"—the word is used only in a relative way: immense, I mean, for a reading public. For consider the arithmetical aspect of this astounding popularity. It makes one ashamed of the Empire! Multiply thirty years of popularity by fifty weeks in the year: if we take fifty-two, the sum is over-difficult for one not apt in the mathematics. Fifty thirties is fifteen hundred. Multiply fifteen hundred by a thousand, the number of copies sold each week. That gives fifteen hundred thousand, a poor million and a half. The population of Great Britain alone, let us, hypothetically, state at thirty millions, or, to allow for wear and tear, say fifteen millions. This unceasing fifteen millions, in thirty years, has only bought fifteen hundred thousand copies of the works of our most popular novelist. How we "sin our mercies" and neglect opportunities of instruction and entertainment!

Only about one in ten of us seizes the golden opportunity. Alcibiades beat an Athenian schoolmaster because he possessed no copy of Homer. He would have too heavy a task if he tried to beat every schoolmaster who has no copy of Hocking: only copies of Henty fill scholastic shelves.

The financial aspect of the problem is also depressing. Say that the author receives a shilling for each of his million-and-a-half of volumes. To simplify the arithmetic, let us say that he receives a franc. A million and a half of francs, though it sounds a good deal, is only sixty thousand pounds. Divide that by thirty for the thirty years of popularity, and you attain an income of £2000 a year—say £2500, to make up for the difference between francs and shillings. It is thus that a niggard Empire, an unstudious, illiterate Empire, rewards its favourite genius. Let young aspirants think of these things, and remember that they will be lucky if not one thousand, but a poor fifty of *their* collected works sell every week.

Here is a dog story on good second-hand evidence. A gentleman had a Newfoundland dog of great intelligence; he had also a pair of carriage horses which were far too fat. He told his coachman to dock their corn. This was done, but the steeds were as corpulent as ever. The coachman suspected that some member of the Society for Promoting the Comfort of Animals was surreptitiously feeding the horses. He therefore concealed himself and watched. The dog came in, lumbered painfully up a ladder into a loft above the mangers, and shook an open sack of oats therein, so that the cereal fell into the mangers; the horses looked up and were fed.

The dog grew old, but was thought healthy enough. One day he was heard thumping with his tail on the dining-room door. The door was opened, the dog rushed in, laid its fore-paws on its master's breast, and, like Argos, the hound of Odysseus, "died in that greeting." This was a very sentimental dog.

What excessively silly people exist in gallant little Wales! This is harsh: there are as silly people everywhere, but the Welsh exhibition of absurdity is recent. The silliness to which I allude was exhibited by the inhabitants of a large village near Cardiff. Here, as the newspapers tell us, dwells an honest man who is attended by noisy knockings wherever he goes. He rents a different cottage every week, but is still molested. Lately an assembly of four hundred persons, many of them voters, no doubt, accompanied him, the worthy Vicar, and the active and intelligent sergeant of police, to his new cottage. The three entered, and sat down in the dark till the noises came, in several rooms. The clergyman then prayed, and the sufferer himself put up a petition for peace. He then placed himself under police protection, not as against the agencies which produce the noises—he is probably responsible for them himself—but against the populace, which, he feared, might harry and molest him, on the grave charge of being "a haunted man." It does not seem to occur to him to start in business as a medium, so perhaps he is the most unwise of all the dwellers in this Cymric Gotham.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

GODFREY HEATHCOTE (Arnsdale).—Our pleasure in receiving your problem is fully as great, for our solvers have no better treat than one of your charming compositions. As for the flight of time, do we not all feel it beneath our waistscoats?

ROBIN H. LEGG. —Your problem is very pretty, but we fear you are neither the first nor the hundred and first who have made the same problem. We hope you will favour us with another specimen.

H. J. F. (Fulham).—Your problem admits of another solution by 1. Q to B 4th, etc.

G. J. HICKS. —Much obliged.

E. COOPER (Boston).—Your problem shall be further examined. The idea, however, is a very common one.

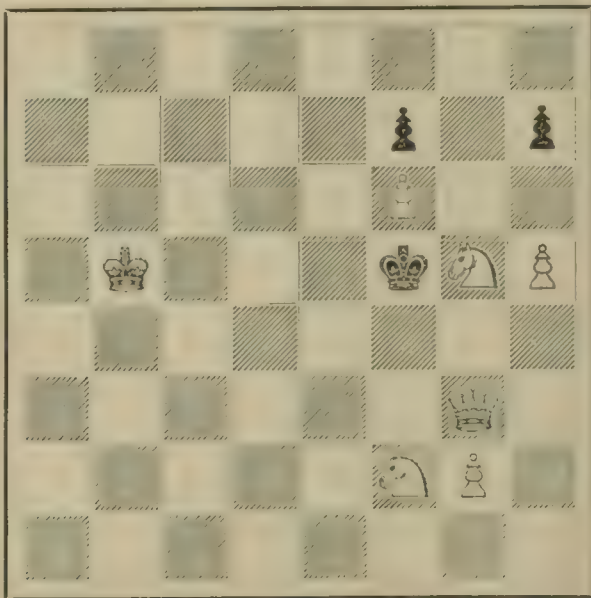
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3215 and 3216 received from J. H. Weir (Charters Towers, Queensland); of No. 3225 from C. Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3226 from Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), H. S. Brandreth (Rome), and the Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu); of No. 3227 from Sorrento, the Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3228 received from J. I. I. (Frampton), J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), A. Smyth (Clifton), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Sorrento, J. Hopkinson (Derby), E. J. Winter-Wood, R. Worters (Canterbury), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), and F. Henderson (Leeds).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3227.—By A. W. DANIEL.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to R 7th K to B 5th
2. K to B 2nd (ch).
If Black play 2. K to Q 5th there is no mate next move.

PROBLEM No. 3230.—By E. J. WINTER-WOOD.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN SWEDEN.

Game played in the International Tournament at Stockholm between Messrs. BERNSTEN and PEETERSSON.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	16.	B to K B 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	17. R to K 5th	Q to Q 2nd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	18. B takes B	P takes B
4. B to Kt 5th	Q Kt to Q 2nd	19. R to K 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd
5. P to K 3rd	B to K 2nd	20. Kt to Q 5th	
6. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd		
7. P takes P	Kt takes P		
8. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt		
9. B to K B 4th	Castles		
10. B to Q 3rd	P to Q B 4th		
11. R to Q B sq	P to B 5th		
12. B to Kt sq	R to K sq		
13. Castles	P to Kt 3rd		

There is already a noticeable sense of constraint in Black's game that becomes accentuated by any weakness in his play. Kt to B sq is now the correct reply.

14. P to K 4th	Kt to B sq
15. P takes P	Q takes P
16. R to K sq	

Threatening B to K 4th, whether the Queen is moved or not, and at the very least the winning of the exchange.

CHESS IN CANADA.

Game played at Montreal between Messrs. R. SHORT and J. SAWYER.

(Sicilian Game.)

WHITE (Mr. Short).	BLACK (Mr. Sawyer).	WHITE (Mr. Short).	BLACK (Mr. Sawyer).
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	P to K 5th, this move is difficult to understand. K R to Q sq was essential.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. P to K 5th	Kt to R 4th
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	16. K to R 2nd	B to R sq
4. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
5. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3rd		
6. B to K 2nd	P to K Kt 3rd		
7. B to K 3rd	B to Kt 2nd		
8. Castles	Castles		
9. P to K R 3rd	B to Q 2nd		

Threatening P to K 5th, when a piece must be lost. Black's King's Knight is now fairly in the toils of his pursuers.

10. Q to Q 2nd	R to K sq
11. Q to R Q sq	P to Q B 3rd
12. P to K B 4th	Q R to B sq
13. Kt to B 3rd	

Threatening P to K 5th, when a piece must be lost. Black's King's Knight is now fairly in the toils of his pursuers.

14. P to Q R 3rd	Q to B 2nd
	Kt to Q R 4th

Considering Black's previous move shows he had examined the effects of his opponent's

20. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to B sq
21. Kt takes B (ch)	K to Kt sq
22. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to B sq
23. Q takes P (ch)	R to K 2nd
24. Kt takes P (ch)	K to Kt sq
25. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to B sq
26. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to K sq
27. Kt (B 6th) to R 7th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
28. Q takes R	Q takes B (ch)
29. R to B 2nd	Q to B 5th
30. Q to B 8th (mate)	

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

THE publication of an article in this column on economy in food, with special reference to the recent experiments of Professor Chittenden of America, has evidently excited a keen interest amongst my readers, if I may judge by the correspondence on this subject which has reached me. It will be remembered that Professor Chittenden's argument, briefly stated, was that a healthy man, doing a fair day's work, could live, first of all, on a much smaller amount of nitrogenous, proteid, or body-building food than is usually regarded as necessary. In the second place, the Professor maintains that, as regards the total foods we consume—nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous alike—a lessened quantity, less, that is, than the amount stated as required in our text-books, is found to be compatible not merely with the due performance of bodily work, but is more consistent with the maintenance of health. Whatever "the simple life" may be taken to mean in a physiological sense, we may at least believe the doctrine is certainly founded upon the avoidance of all excess in the way of nutrition. So far it is clear Professor Chittenden's views will commend themselves to the votaries of simple living, and this view is strengthened by his declaration that the nitrogenous matters we require may be more safely and satisfactorily obtained (in view of the reduction of these foods) from the lighter plant products than from the animal world.

Now, it is not necessary to accept the Professor's conclusions *in toto* to exhibit a general agreement with his views, but physiologists are beginning to think of revising their standards of diet, not only because of the Chittenden experiments, but also by reason of sundry researches independently made by Dr. Otto Folin. We have been told that every day a man needs about 100 grams (a gram is fifteen grains) of nitrogenous food for his support, but the Professor would limit this amount, because the men experimented upon remained healthy and did their work perfectly for certain definite periods without fatigue. Of course, we must remember that in addition to proteid foods—represented by meat-juice, milk-curd, legumin, and the like—we also demand fat, starch, and sugar, and these last are our real energy, or work-producing articles of diet, and go also to evolve heat. In considering diet-reforms, therefore, we should remember that it is not the nitrogenous elements alone which have to be borne in mind, but also the non-nitrogenous fats and starches. In other words, we have to consider the whole elements of our diet, and not merely one class of them.

This caution is a very important one, as a distinguished physiologist lately pointed out. He remarked that many people spoke of "nutritious" foods as being synonymous with "nitrogenous" ones. This is, of course, a very serious mistake, since we require the non-nitrogenous articles of diet equally with the other class. The real value of milk—and, indeed, of any article of diet by itself or combined with others—is the combination it gives us of the two classes of foods.

I was struck recently by the account given by a distinguished physician of the danger to the public which is apt to ensue from the want of a system of notifying consumption. A servant-girl was under his treatment in hospital. Her case was a very grave one, and from her lungs an abnormally large number of the germs of the disease was coughed up. Such germs are, of course, the main source of infection. The girl left hospital before she was cured and took a situation as kitchenmaid in a large restaurant. Later on, as was to be expected, she returned for further treatment. Now, this woman was not only in close association with other workers, but she was engaged in the work of preparing food for the public. The physician rightly remarks on the danger to the public which such a case entails. No procedure at present can compel a consumptive to disinfect and destroy his or her expectoration laden with germs, and there are very few, if any, agencies which can assist a person willing to carry out the disinfecting work, but perchance unable to do so from one circumstance or another. Notification of consumption—the disease to be reported to health authorities as scarlet fever, typhoid, and other infectious ailments are reported—would lead to the following up of cases, and to the saving of life by rendering the infection of healthy persons unlikely to occur. One may well wish to see the contention of medical officers of health, that consumption should be notified, carried into practical effect.

Fishes that are capable of developing electricity and of giving "shocks" which can paralyse or kill their prey are not uncommon. One of the most familiar examples is the electrical eel of the Amazon, specimens of which may be found in the London "Zoo." There is a well-known electrical fish found in African rivers, and the Torpedo, or electric ray, a member of the skate tribe, is possibly to be regarded as the most typical representative of the electrical species. The mode of production of the electricity here is in accord with the law of correlation of forces. So much nervous energy, sent from the nervous system of the fish into a special electrical organ, is converted into an equivalent of electricity. It would appear that the electrical organs really represent very much modified muscular tissue, and the amount of the discharge naturally depends on the health and vigour of the fish, and whether or not it has been made to exhaust or diminish its supply of electrical force. We note in the possession of such a means of offence and defence one of the most singular phases of evolution, whereby muscle has been modified to serve as an organ for the development and storage of a special form of energy.

In other directions, the same law of the conversion of one kind of energy, say nervous energy, into another kind, is illustrated in the animal world. Those animals which produce light, for example, do so under conditions essentially similar to those regulating the torpedo's electrical display. One form of energy, indeed, can be converted into another form, whence the idea that all energy is a modification of one primal force.—ANDREW WILSON.

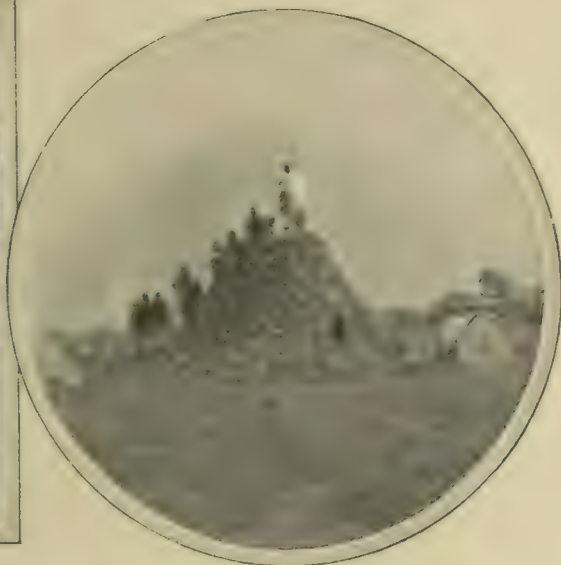
BRITAIN AND GERMANY IN EAST AFRICA: SETTLING THE BOUNDARY.



TELEGRAPHISTS AT WORK AT A TRIGONOMETRICAL STATION.



THE KAISER'S OUTPOST IN EAST AFRICA: GERMAN STATION AT MOSHI.



BUILDING A BOUNDARY PILLAR BETWEEN BRITISH AND GERMAN EAST AFRICA.



NATIVE WARRIORS PLASTERED WITH MUD AND SHOUTING A SONG.



NATIVE DRUMMERS WHO PLAYED IN FRONT OF THE SURVEYORS' CARAVAN.



WA-KAVIRONDO WARRIORS FROM THE EAST SHORE OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA.



SETTLERS ON THE BOUNDARY: MEN OF THE WA-KAMBA TRIBE.



THE TAX-GATHERER IN EAST AFRICA: COLLECTING THE HUT-TAX ON THE BATUNA ISLANDS.



NATIVE FISHERIES ON LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA: DRAWING THE NETS.



NATIVES AS ROAD-MAKERS: EXCELLENT WORK OF THE BA GANDA TRIBE IN THE SWAMPS.



THE DOOM OF THE HOUSE OF LANCASTER: THE BATTLE OF TOWTON, MARCH 29, 1461.

FROM THE PAINTING BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

The armies of York and Lancaster met at Towton Field, near Tadcaster. One hundred and twenty thousand men were engaged, and the fight was the most obstinate that England had seen since the Battle of Hastings. The Yorkists advanced through a thick snowfall, and for six hours no advantage was gained on either side. At

one moment Warwick, the Kingmaker, saw his men falter, and, stabbing his horse before them, he swore on the cross-hilt of his sword to win or die on the field. The arrival of Norfolk with a fresh force gave the day to the Yorkists, and the rout was complete. Twenty thousand Lancastrian dead were counted on the field.

A MIMIC NIAGARA IN ENGLAND, AND THE REAL FALLS ICE-BOUND.



ONE OF THE GAPS CAUSED BY THE HIGH TIDE IN THE SEA-WALL PROTECTING GREENBOROUGH ISLAND.



TURNED TO AN ISLAND BY THE FLOOD: MR. PALMER'S FARMHOUSE SURROUNDED BY WATER.



A SHOOTING-BOX THAT WAS FLOODED TO THE FIRST FLOOR.



OYSTER-BARRELS FLUNG UP-SHORE BY THE TIDE.



A MINIATURE NIAGARA: WATER RUSHING BACK THROUGH THE SEA-WALL.

LITTLE NIAGARA ON THE MEDWAY: AN ISLAND OVERWHELMED BY THE HIGH TIDE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE TOPICAL PRESS.

During the recent high tide the little island of Greenborough, in the Medway, was nearly swept away. The sea-walls gave way at several points, and the sheep belonging to Mr. Palmer, the tenant, were saved by being driven upon a mound, said to be a Roman relic, in one part of the island. Since the failure of the walls the tide makes daily inroads, and the island is in danger of being washed away. Government assistance has been asked to save it.



A CATARACT ARRESTED: ICE-BOUND NIAGARA.



THE SNOWY PEAKS OF MOUNT STEPHEN.

NATURE'S WINTER DECORATIONS IN CANADA: EFFECTS OF SNOW AND ICE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VEIGH.

Winter works the most fantastic wonders with the Falls of Niagara. The mass of water turns to colossal blocks of ice piled in the weirdest confusion, like some dream of chaos. Of Mount Stephen, one of the most imposing of Canadian peaks, marvellous views are possible to travellers on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

A PICTORIAL SURVEY: NOTES AT HOME AND ABROAD.



SYMBOLS OF PEACE AND WAR: BLESSING OF COLOURS BEFORE THE KINGS OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.



THE ACT OF ALLEGIANCE TO KING AND FLAG: RECRUITS KISSING THE COLOURS.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL AT MADRID: A BLESSING OF REGIMENTAL COLOURS.

During the King of Portugal's visit to King Alfonso, the two Sovereigns were present at a blessing of colours. An altar was erected in the public square, and beside it guns were posted—a strange mingling of warlike and peaceful symbols. While the priests performed the ceremony the soldiers knelt, their rifles slightly advanced and their bayonets fixed. After the blessing the recruits filed past, and kissed the colours in token of allegiance to their King and flag.



SNOW-COVERED ENTHUSIASTS AT THE SKI-RUNNING CONTEST.



KING HAAKON AND QUEEN MAUD AT THE SKI-RUNNING CONTEST.

ROYAL PATRONAGE OF NORWEGIAN SPORT: THE KING OF NORWAY AT THE HOLMSDAL SKI-RUNNING TOURNAMENT.

At the contest the King and Queen of Norway were present, and watched the sport from a high platform. Heavy snow showers fell during the events, but the enthusiasts sat the spectacle out, although they were turned into snow men. The appearance of the spectators grew more and more picturesque as the snowflakes powdered them.



NURSES WHO LIVE ON FRUIT: THE HOSPITAL STAFF AT A FRUIT MEAL IN THE OPEN AIR.



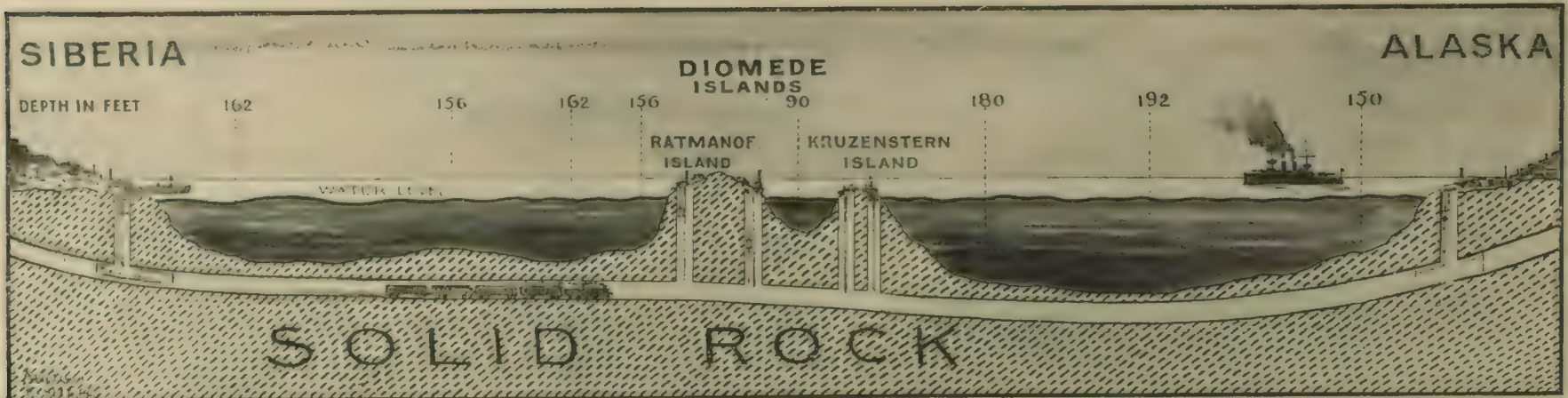
DR. OLDFIELD, INVENTOR OF THE FRUIT TREATMENT, EXAMINING FRUIT FOR THE PATIENTS' USE.

FRUIT AS A MEANS OF CURE: THE EXPERIMENTS IN DIET AT LADY MARGARET HOSPITAL, BROMLEY.

Lady Margaret Hospital was founded in 1903 by Dr. Josiah Oldfield for the treatment of disease by fruit. In the first year the hospital treated 63 in-patients; in the second, 171; and in the third, 185. In the three years 5000 out-patients were treated, and there were only two deaths. The hospital nurses live on fruit as well as the patients. Dr. Oldfield says, that of persons that have passed the middle span of life, 99 per cent. could easily give up meat diet; he had never met the hundredth person. He claimed that they were pioneers in providing a hospital amid fresh air and sunshine, whilst retaining an out-patients' department in crowded South London; and as a proof of the careful manner in which the institution was conducted he pointed out that whilst their income for the year had been £621, their expenditure had been £8 less. He hoped that in the coming year their friends would give them the £1000 which would enable them to take in the patients who were now waiting for admission.

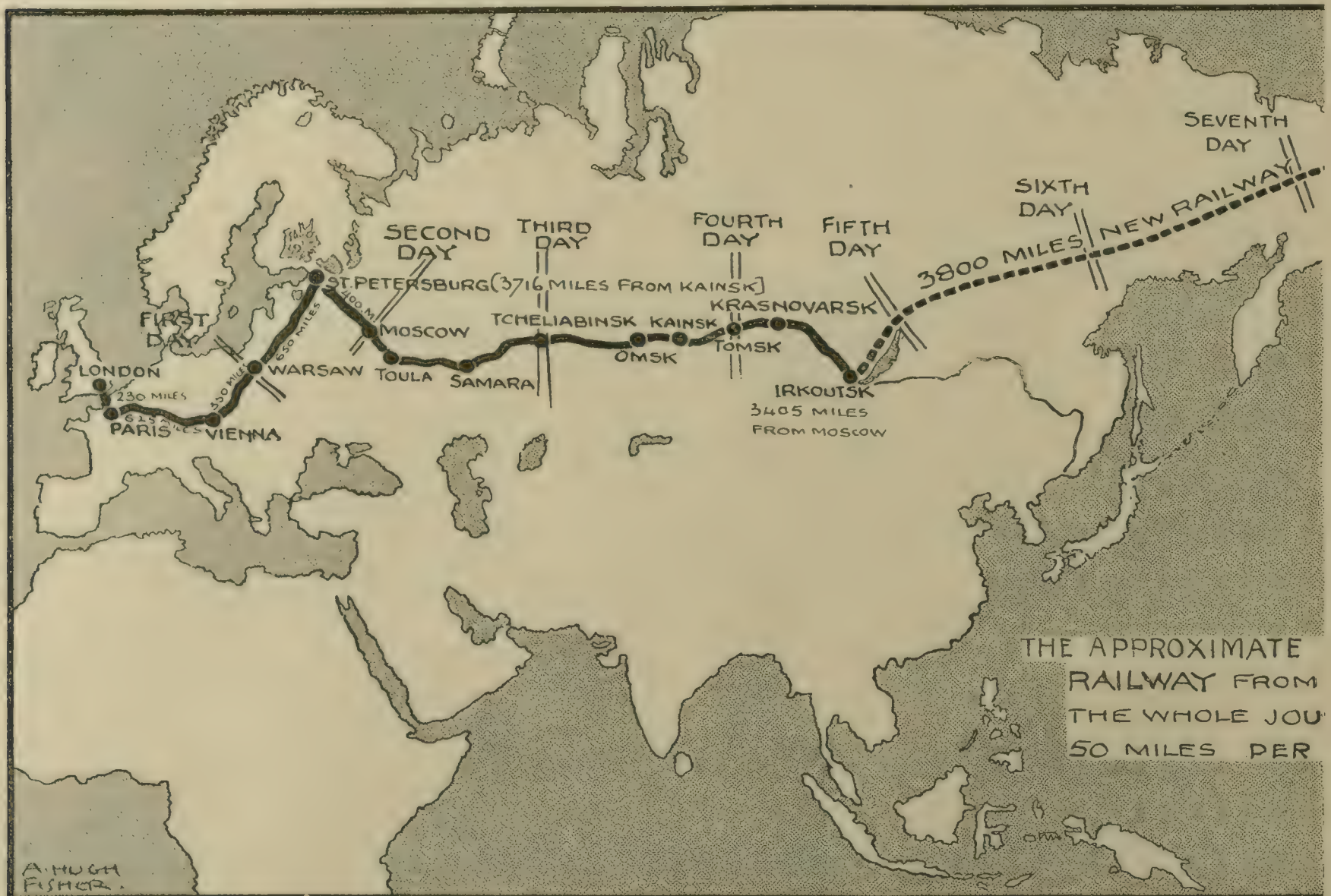
FROM LONDON TO NEW YORK BY LAND: THE PROPOSED TUNNEL

DIAGRAMS BY A. HUGH FISHER,



THE WEDDING OF ASIA AND AMERICA: SECTION OF THE PROPOSED TUNNEL UNDER BEHRING STRAITS.

The tunnel would be pierced through solid rock for the whole distance, and it is said that the materials to be excavated would not exceed that taken out for the New York Underground. In this diagram the depth of the water is given in fathoms. Shafts would be sunk on the islands midway.



FROM LONDON TO NEW YORK BY RAIL: THE BEHRING STRAITS TUNNEL

With the exception of the Straits of Dover, the whole journey would be performed by land. Over the principal sections of the line the approximate distances are marked, and also the eastward towards Alaska. On the American side another new line is contemplated



A TRESTLE BRIDGE IN ALASKA: ROCK CREEK.

The bridge is on the first standard-gauge road built in Alaska, and belongs to the Council City and Solomon River Railway.



RAILROAD-MAKERS IN THE FROZEN GROUND OF ALASKA.

The train is carrying a construction-gang of navvies going to work on the Council City and Solomon River Railway.

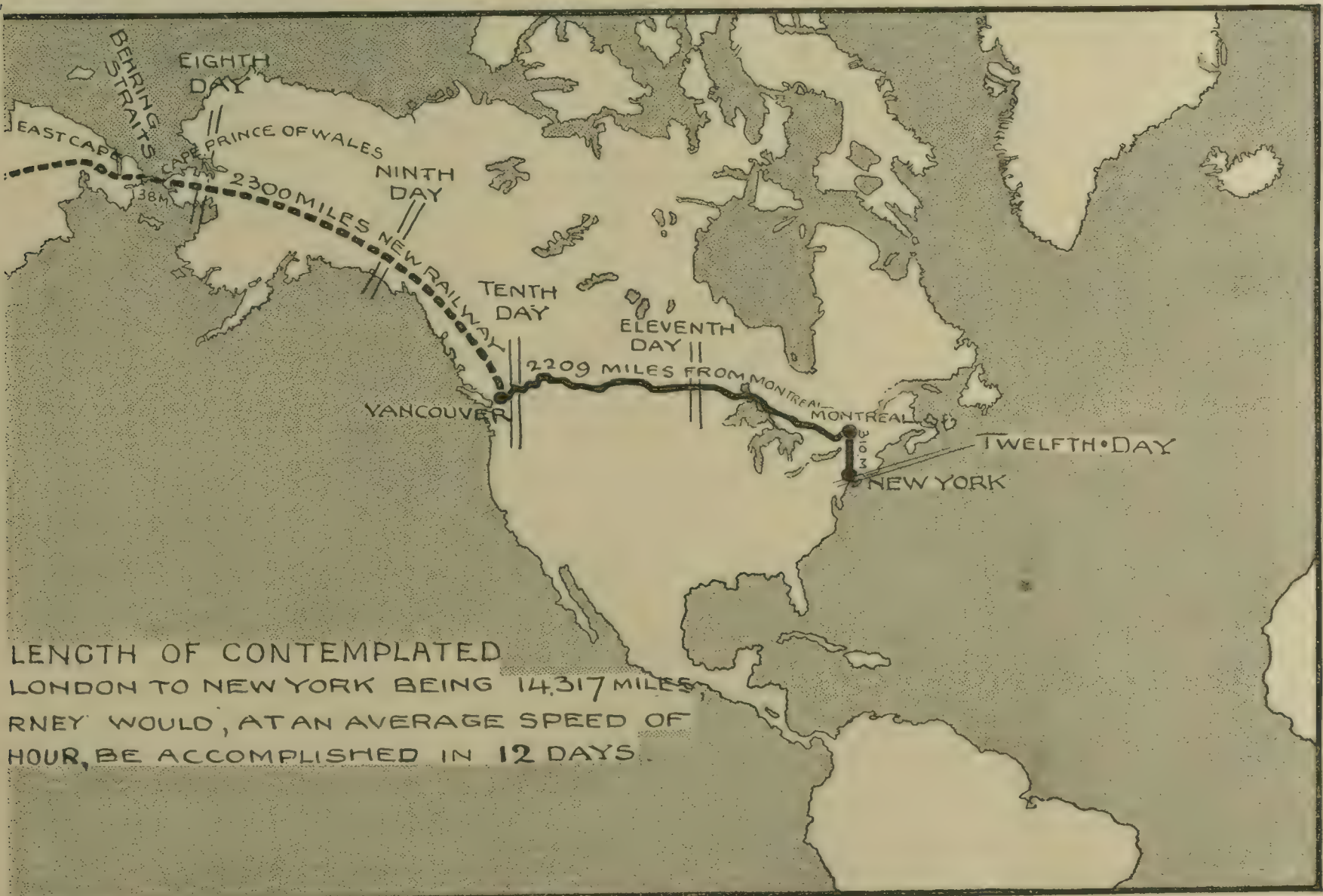
BENEATH BEHRING STRAITS CONNECTING ALASKA WITH SIBERIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEPSTONE.



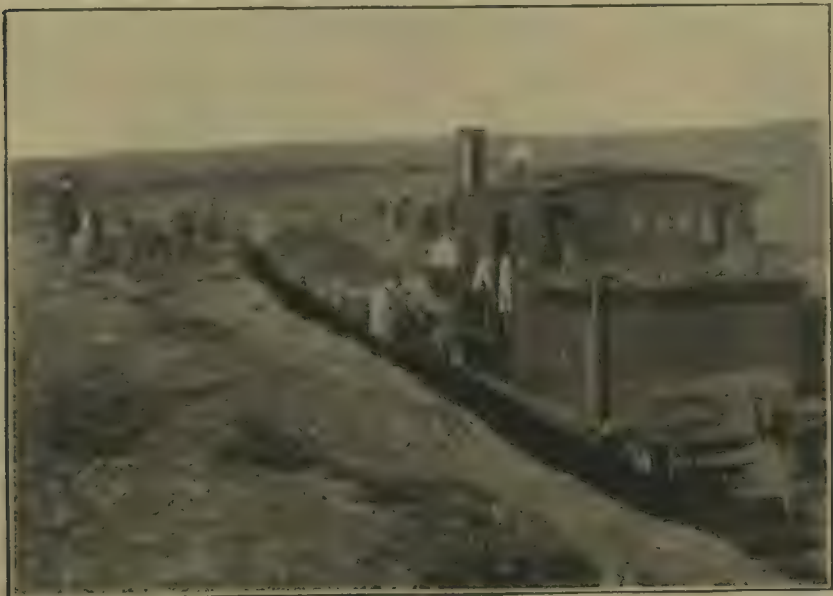
THE MOST NORTHERLY RAILWAY NOW BUILDING IN ALASKA: FIFTY MILES OF CONSTRUCTION-MATERIAL AT DICKSON.

The material belongs to the Council City and Solomon River Railway, which will be finished during the coming summer. Dickson is the ocean terminal of the line. The line has been built on frozen ground. It is intended to serve the transit of gold-miners.



LINKING SIBERIA AND ALASKA FOR THE TWELVE DAYS' JOURNEY.

points reached on each of the twelve days over which the journey will extend. The Trans-Siberian Railway will be used probably as far as Irkutsk, where a new line would strike north from Cape Prince of Wales to Vancouver, linking up the Canadian Pacific Railway.



A BALLASTING CREW AT WORK IN ALASKA.

The Council City and Solomon River railroad is at present the most northerly in the world, but it will lose this distinction if the new scheme is achieved.



A CORNER OF THE MACHINE-SHOPS AT PORT SOLOMON.

For the construction-works, the railway engineers erected spacious machine-shops at Port Solomon, where the offices and the store depots were also placed.

FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MINIATURES PRESENTED BY THE KING TO FRANCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE CURATOR OF THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE.



ANTIPATER CONDEMNS HIS BROTHER.—JOSEPHUS, BOOK XVII.

has been for years in Paris; the second disappeared, and was sold in the early part of last century in the Townley sale; by whom it was bought is unknown, but it appeared in a sale in London in 1903, when Mr. Yates Thompson added it to his splendid collection. It was then imperfect, as only one of its illuminated pages remained—that at the beginning representing the Entry of Herod into Jerusalem. This volume was seen for the first time side by side with its earlier portion, in that wonderful exhibition of Primitive French Art which was brought together in Paris in 1904. Of the malefactor who removed the other twelve miniatures no trace has



SEDITIONS IN JERUSALEM.—JOSEPHUS, BOOK XXV.

THE history of these miniatures, now by the generosity of his Majesty the King and of Mr. Yates Thompson restored to their ancient home in the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, is curious and interesting. For many years the first volume of this famous MS. of Josephus has been preserved in the National Library, where its importance has always been recognised, as it has been the means of the identification of the work of Jean Fouquet, the most illustrious of the painters of France of the time of Charles VII. and Louis XI. Of the fourteen miniatures with which it was decorated four were executed by artists who worked for Jean, Duc de Berri, at whose death it was left incomplete. At the end of the volume there is a note written by François Robertet, secretary of Pierre, Seigneur de Beaujeu and Duc de Bourbon, which tells us that the eleven vacant places for miniatures were filled forty years later. "De la main du bon peintre et enlumineur du roi Louis XI., Jean Fouquet, natif de Tours." Fouquet was born about 1410-15, and it is by study of the paintings in this manuscript that it has been possible to recognise the other works of the master, which may be with good reason attributed to him. The completed work, then in the possession of Jacques d'Armagnac, Duc de Nemours, was divided into two volumes. The first



HEROD'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.—JOSEPHUS, BOOK XV.

The generosity of King Edward and of Mr. Yates Thompson has enabled the miniatures to be restored to the volume, and the volume to be restored to the Bibliothèque, from which it has been so long removed. Two still remain to be found.

Josephus, the famous historian of the Jews, was a native of Jerusalem. He was born in 38 A.D., during the reign of Caligula. His father and mother belonged to the highest priestly houses. He was trained by Banus, a celebrated Essene, and after remaining with him in the desert for three years, he returned to Jerusalem and joined the Pharisees, to whom he ever afterwards adhered. He visited Rome in 64 A.D., and won the friendship of Nero and Poppæa. Two years later he joined the revolutionaries of Judæa in the attempt to throw off the Roman yoke. He was taken prisoner by Vespasian, but assumed the character of a prophet and predicted Vespasian's accession to the purple. Thus he saved his life, and after two years' captivity was liberated by Vespasian on his obtaining the Imperial throne. Josephus then took his patron's name. Flavius, adhered to the Roman cause, and after the fall of Jerusalem retired to the literary labours that have preserved his name. His chief works are "The History of the Jewish War," "The Antiquities of the Jews," and his Autobiography.

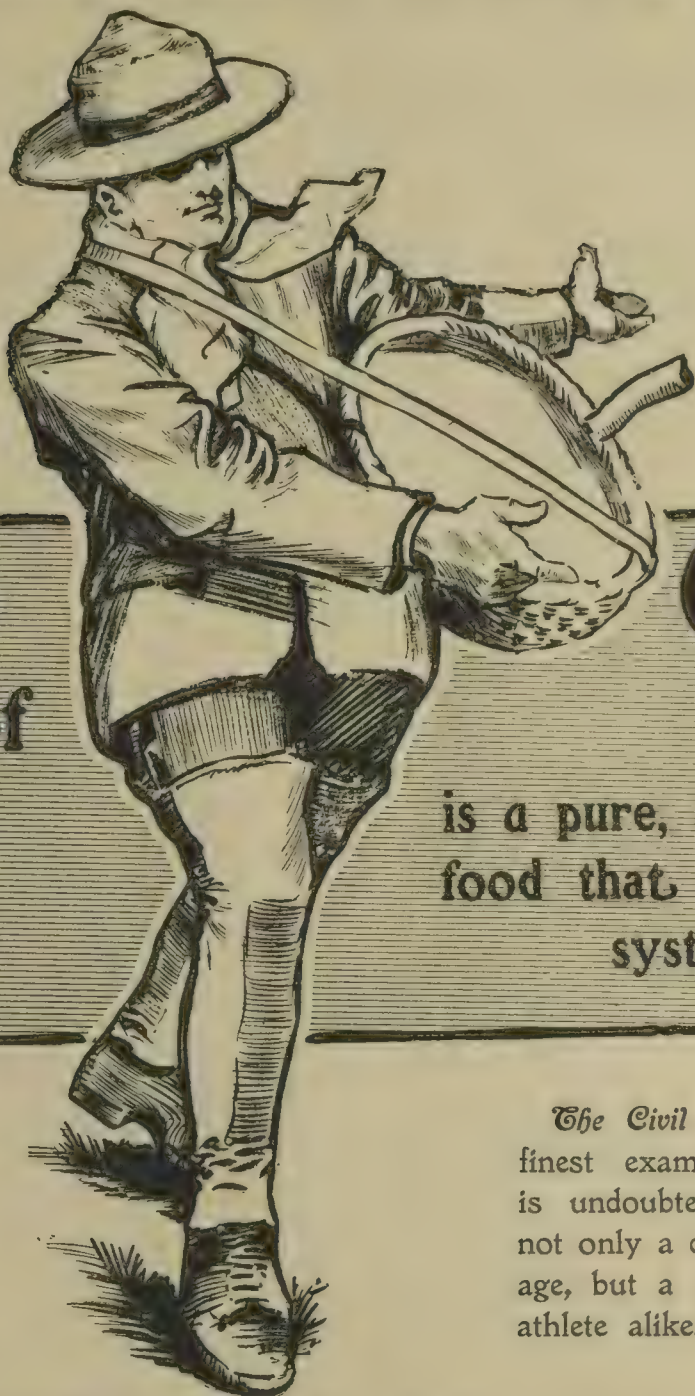


SIEGE AND TAKING OF GAMALA.—JOSEPHUS, BOOK XXIV.

been found, but ten of them have been identified in a volume which has been for many years, probably since the accession of Queen Victoria, in the royal library at Windsor. Sir Richard Holmes, Librarian till his retirement last November, had long ago recognised the beauty of these illuminations, but till his visit to Paris in 1904 was unable to assign them to their proper author. Last year, however, he took them to the British Museum to consult about them with Dr. Warner, the Keeper of the MSS., and there was able to compare them with Mr. Yates Thompson's volume. The identification was complete.



CAIUS SLAIN BY CHIRIAS.—JOSEPHUS, BOOK XIX.



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REVIEWERS' VIEWS.

THE royal lady who is known as Carmen Sylva reigns as a queen of poesy and sentiment in a world far removed from "this painful kingdom of time and chance." Her work, thanks to sympathetic translators, is well known in England, where we have no doubt her new allegorical volume, "Suffering's Journey on the Earth" (Jarrold), will receive a sincere welcome. It is a charming little book, full of the pathetic insight which Carmen Sylva possesses into the ethical difficulties that bewilder mankind. The allegory flows freely, and the sweet, sad music that seems to be inseparable from the poet's muse permeates it with a melancholy charm. The feeling of the tale is, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, essentially German, in that field of poetic romanticism that the Germans have made peculiarly their own. There is not a little in "Suffering's Journey on the Earth" that will remind the reader of "Sintram" and "Undine," although the resemblance is one of atmosphere only, and the scheme of Queen Elizabeth's prose poem differs very widely from the basic idea of *De la Motte Fouqué's* masterpieces. The conception of Suffering, the child of Life and Strife, wandering through the world and touching to ultimate purification the lives that cross her path, is carefully and closely carried out, and the reader will, we think, close the romance so delicately handled with the conviction that here is a book to retain upon the shelves and to return to as a friend. We are sorry to add that the illustrations are quite unworthy of the letterpress.

We may not feel able wholly to agree with Mrs. Tweedie's estimate of "Porfirio Diaz: Seven Times President of Mexico" (Hurst and Blackett) that he is the greatest man of the nineteenth century; but we cordially concur in assigning to him a high place among rulers. The son of a poor innkeeper, he was originally destined for the Church, but the condition of his country, torn by internal dissensions, offered to those who adopted a military career inducements that no adventurous lad could resist. General Diaz's life during the twenty years 1857-1876 was sufficiently full of adventure, for he took increasingly conspicuous part in the fighting, which during that period was practically continuous; and he owed his elevation to the Presidential chair to the way in which his achievements appealed to the popular imagination. Certainly only a man of very remarkable force of character could have taken possession of the palace as he did in 1876; and only a man who had completely secured public confidence could have retained his place there. Mrs. Tweedie is profoundly impressed with her hero's powerful personality, but she makes the mistake of assuming that President Diaz's achievements do not speak for themselves; hence those passages of the book which were taken down verbatim from the General's lips are quite the most pleasing and satisfactory. It would be impossible to make the record of such a career otherwise than interesting; but the book would perhaps have gained by the omission of details, scenes of Mexican life, custom, etc., which, however interesting in themselves, have no direct bearing on the subject in hand. There are one or two harmless, because obvious, mistakes in the book, which is remarkably well illustrated from photographs not necessarily connected with President Diaz.

Every self-respecting prelate doubtless looks forward to the time when his merits will be suitably recorded in a biographical volume. In fulfilment of this expectation we have had perhaps rather more Lives of Bishops than the public care for. But no one will have the boldness to suggest that the late Archbishop Temple was a dignitary whom people would willingly forget. It is no surprise, therefore, to find his labours and his virtues chronicled in two stout volumes, numbering over thirteen hundred pages between them (Macmillan). Remembering the scale upon which the Life of Pusey was given to the world, or the Lives of Temple's friends, Tait and Benson, or the scale on which the virtues of Jowett were put on record, we cannot say that the Temple biography is too big. There is, however, from the method of its preparation, a certain amount of overlapping, and, here and there, a manifest lack of proportion. But no one—not even the man who had smarted most under the infliction of Temple's abruptness—could say that the work is uninteresting. On the contrary, it is a more readable book than the Tait, the Benson, the Westcott, or the Liddon Lives. It may not contain as many smart things as the biography of Magee, but it presents to our view a far more attractive personality, as well as a far more varied career. It is not overlaid with ecclesiastical State papers, like the account of Pusey, or with purely family correspondence, like the book about Westcott; nor, on the other hand, does it anywhere leave unpleasant reflections behind it, as did the Life of Wilberforce. It is altogether a wholesome picture of a typical Englishman, who did his duty in many stations in a typically English way. It is probable that the account of Temple's earlier life will be found the most attractive part of these volumes. His childhood, with its hardships sweetened by the care of a most loving and capable mother, ought to be a stimulus to the youth of generations to come. Temple is shown to have been rather more of an infant prodigy than we had thought, and to have left school with the firm conviction in the minds of friends that he would come to high estate. The story of the period in which he was up at Balliol has already been told from many points of view. There is little that is new to be said; but we learn a good deal as to Temple's powers as a mathematician, and there is one very curious picture of a day spent in coaching Matthew Arnold in logic. Of the Education Office period the general reader is quite likely to have known little, and this reminder of old conditions is not without its value just now. Rugby, of course, recalls a good many familiar stories, but it shows Temple in a very human light. Ample testimony is borne to his real kindness of heart, and his tenderness towards sick boys. The diocesan life of Temple at Exeter claims perhaps rather too large a share of the book, but it is interesting matter; for Temple was a West

Countryman, and did a work there which has hardly been recognised at its full worth. The London story is fairly told, with the addition of some more or less familiar anecdotes. The short career as an Archbishop was a kind of appendix to Temple's life. He accepted the office as a call to duty, but he was past the age at which he could rule as he would once have wished to do.

A great many people, we fancy, would find it difficult to say exactly what a "copyhold" is, and the definition of a "heriot" would stump all but a few. If light be sought in Mr. Nathaniel Hone's "The Manor and Manorial Records" (Methuen) it will be found on these points, as well as on others which, like them, appear very dry, but in reality are of great interest. In this matter of "heriot," for example—which was tribute payable to the lord of the manor on the death of a vassal holding land by copy of Manorial Court Roll, and hence known as a "copyholder"—we learn that it has been claimed in modern times. Sir T. C. Bunbury, the owner of the race-horse "Smolensko," was a copyright tenant, and on his death, in 1827, the superior laid claim, unsuccessfully, it is true, to the horse, which was valued at between two and three thousand pounds. It is also said that Sir Robert Peel, being copyright tenant of a certain manor, and fearing the seizure, as "heriot," of the famous picture by Rubens, "Le Chapeau de Paille," now in the National Gallery, but then in his possession, became the purchaser of the manor for security's sake. Needless to remark, Mr. Hone's purpose is not merely to afford the general reader curious entertainment of this kind. For example, in one appendix he gives a list of Court Rolls in various depositories, which will be useful to members of the legal profession, to local historians, and to the genealogist particularly of the middle-classes; while to students of the subject his bibliography will be a great aid. But



THE PARIS MONUMENT TO ALFRED DE MUSSET.

At last Alfred has his statue in Paris. The monument is the gift of M. Osiris, and is the work of Antonin Mercié. It has been erected on the façade of the Théâtre Français, not far from the medallions of Corneille, Racine, Molière, and Victor Hugo. Beside the figure of de Musset is the Muse addressing the author of the "Nuits" in his own line: "Poète, prends ton luth et me donne un baiser."

the general reader also may be supposed to take an interest in an institution which is still a factor in our social organisation—as everyone serving on parish and district councils knows—and in this volume he will find its general features pleasantly set forth.

The standard measure of William Booth's work and aspirations will remain his own treatment of them in "Darkest England"; but there is, of course, welcome room for the record set forth by Mr. Coates in "The Prophet of the Poor" (Hodder and Stoughton), which is sub-titled "The Life-Story of General Booth." This is a personal volume, not always above trivialities, which deals intimately with the strenuous history of its subject, and presents—how could it be otherwise?—a dramatic figure to the reader's eye. No one would expect to find a man of the *timbre* of Mr. Booth submitting to the restrictions of conservative religious organisations, admirably though they may be suited to a general purpose; and it is therefore not surprising to read that the founder of the Salvation Army, who was baptised into the Anglican Church, deserted it in his youth for Wesleyanism, found no place in the Wesleyan communion for his gifts, weighed the Methodist New Connexion in the same balance with equal disappointment, and so came, by sheer force of personality, to the beginning of his great religious enterprise. The title of the book is, by the way, the only portion of it with which we would venture to quarrel. General Booth is not a prophet. He is an evangelist, modified by the ever-present cry of the poor he loves into a social reformer; no visionary, but an intensely human personality, with the tremendous driving-power of genius behind his enthusiasms. William Booth stands to-day as one of the most eminent living authorities upon this great problem.

MAINLY ARCHITECTURAL.

THE appearance of a fifth edition of "A History of Architecture on the Comparative Method," by Professor Banister Fletcher, F.R.I.B.A., and Banister F. Fletcher, F.R.I.B.A. (Batsford), is a welcome sign of the popular demand for further acquaintance with this, the most creative of all arts except music. It is, on the whole, well planned, comprehensive, and clear; all its technicalities are explained in a glossary; it is concise, but never jejune, and by its method and the number of examples cited it makes knowledge understanding, and helps ignorance to appreciation. Dividing the whole subject into "The Historical Styles" and "The Non-Historical Styles," the authors begin with Egyptian, Assyrian, and Persian work as an introduction to a thorough consideration of the architecture of Greece and Rome. Byzantine architecture is taken next, and followed by Romanesque. Then Gothic in different parts of Europe, followed by Renaissance in each country, and concluding with a brief note on the essentially modern character of some recent buildings in the great cities of the United States.

The second part of the book concerns itself with what the authors call the "non-historical" styles of India, China, Japan, and Central America, including with them Saracenic architecture. Such arbitrary division makes, on the whole, for simplification; but, of course, the Dravidian style of Southern India is no less "historical" than Belgian Gothic, and some slight amendment of these terms of division would be an advantage. In describing the House of Pansa as a type of the Pompeian house, no mention is made of the vestibule; the passage inside the front door is called "prothyrum" instead of "prothyrum or fauces," and the term "fauces" is wrongly used for the narrow passage connecting the atrium with the peristyle. This was the "andron," the name applied by the Romans to a corridor.

Among the principal existing instances of Norman architecture in London the crypt of Bow Church might have been included; and among the existing examples of Roman amphitheatres the one in Paris on the left bank of the Seine. The open timber roofs of the Middle Ages are thoroughly dealt with as a special English feature, but apart from this and the space given to Chinese and Japanese architecture, there is little said of woodwork except as explaining certain trabeate forms in stone. In a book so ambitious of historical and universal completeness there should be some reference to the wooden churches of old Norway and old timber construction in Scandinavia generally. The illustrations are very numerous, and the diagrammatic ones are well done. The photographs, however, apart from occasional definite distortion, are, at the best, photographs, and therefore without any recorded intelligence of vision. The use of photography for the views of buildings is no doubt partly due to the present-day lack, not of skilful draughtsmen, but of good draughtsmen of architecture. Bitten by the tarantula of the picturesque, the contemporary illustrators of architecture seem unable to seize architectural intention, and fall between the ornamental invention of decorative pattern and the picturesque scene-painting of stone as cardboard and dignity as decrepitude.

"The Cathedral Cities of England," written by George Gilbert and illustrated by W. W. Collins, R.I. (Heinemann) is apparently intended as a showy gift-book. Beyond a short introductory chapter avowedly meant to make "comprehensive" the technical terms used in the book, there is in these three hundred and seven pages of letterpress no attempt at co-ordination or comparative criticism, but a series of entirely disjointed and necessarily brief summaries separated like a group of islands by the cold water of their chapter headings. And as separate studies their very aim at inclusiveness renders them necessarily incomplete. An attempt is made to describe the city as well as its churches, and we are told that "through the cultivation of its fertile soil by market-gardeners, Ely offers its produce to the London market," while under "Trinity Church" no reference is made to the fan-tracery, that essentially English characteristic. The November issue of the "Portfolio Monographs," admirable alike in matter and illustrations, shows how such a subject as our cathedrals can be luminously treated in a short space, but these paragraphic accounts of great works are too scrappy to be of the least service as guide-book and too detached to be of any critical value. Without giving any authority—and what authority is there?—the writer speaks of the temple to Diana in Roman times on the site of St. Paul's—surely an exploded myth—as an undoubted fact, and hangs thereby a homily about heathen observances being cloaked under the garb of Christian religion. But one thing about St. Paul's Mr. Gilbert wisely draws attention to. In referring to the way in which Wren was harassed by his committee, he mentions especially its insistence upon the erection of the heavy iron railings which fence in the Cathedral. We think it would certainly enhance its beauty if these could be swept away, and any Dean and Chapter removing them would earn lasting gratitude. From the prominence given to his name upon the cover of the book, its chief intended attraction may be the sixty reproductions of water-colour drawings by Mr. W. W. Collins, R.I., and since these have manifestly been prepared for it, speculation as to the responsibility of the process employed for colour crudeness is irrelevant. They range from the sloppy sketch to drawings of considerable finish, and the colour is often disagreeable and generally coarse. The vocabulary of praise is, we may say, already drawn upon by the writer of the commentary. Chaucer, we believe, living close to Westminster Abbey, has left no evidence in his writings that he was in any way impressed by its beauty—any more than Dante by the architecture of Rome, Venice, or Florence; but Mr. Gilbert informs us that "to the dull intellect the Abbey appeals as a mystery"—so did the dumplings to George III.—and so to us does the production of such a book as this.

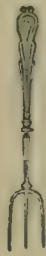
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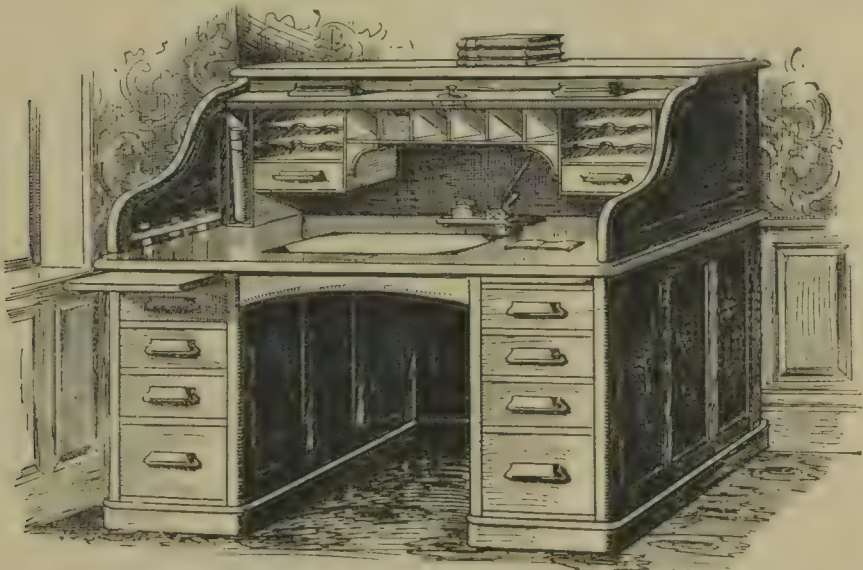
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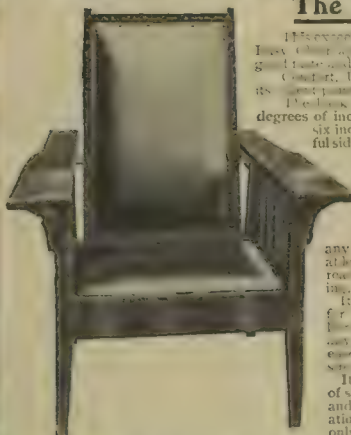
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LADIES' PAGES.

EVERYBODY is glad to hear that the Queen is recovering her health and spirits in the congenial seclusion of her favourite residence, her real home, at Sandringham. There she has abundance of interests; first, in the grandchildren who are at present in her care; then in her kennels, which she visits daily; her dairy; the technical school, in which she takes so much interest; and the cottagers, to whom she is a kind mistress. It is a disappointment to many that the first Court cannot be held till the end of May, for there is an unusual number of brides and debutantes waiting for presentation; but the exceptional character of the family events recently occurring in the leading household of the land sufficiently accounts for the delay. One point is that mourning will be no longer required when the date of the adjourned Drawing-rooms does come round, and all the Court-trains in exquisitely lovely brocades and shot-silks that are ready, having been ordered before the postponement, can come out in their full splendour and gaiety.

While everybody is interested in the romantic side of the Spanish marriage, a sympathetic thought must go out to our Princess Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg, who will be deprived by it of her only daughter at so early an age, and with the completeness that must needs attend on the very importance of the new position of her child. Tennyson remarks in "In Memoriam" on the departure of a bride from her childhood's home being somewhat akin to the greater loss that he mourned, the last separation of all. Often this is true. As a widowed mother, whose only child was going off to India immediately after her marriage, once said to me—"I am to be severed from her utterly, and most likely for ever—and I may not wear mourning! My breaking heart must be covered with smart clothes, and I must smile with apparent joy, while I want to shriek for grief at losing the only thing I have to love." True, as the late Laureate goes on to say—"The difference I discern. . . . Full often will the bride return." But even allowing for visits and letters, the separation is often a cruel one for the mother, and unselfishness, 'the badge of all' the maternal "tribe," is never so called upon as at that crisis in a woman's life. Still, the maternal heart is glad to believe that the daughter has found a life-long protector and a place of her own to fill; so a good mother unselfishly truly rejoices, and congratulations to her are right after all!

The Duchess of Albany, who has had her young married daughter with her for some months, and who has the pleasure of nursing her first grandchild in her own home, is enviable amongst royal mothers, to whom the marriage of a daughter is more likely than it is in a less exalted sphere to mean a real separation. It was a very kind attention of the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg



UTILITY IN SERGE.

A simple and useful little trottoir frock in blue serge, the skirt kilted, the coat set into a shaped belt, decorated with gilt buttons; cuffs and narrow vest of white cloth, and strappings of the serge.

and Albany to come all the way from Germany to his mother's house for a couple of days in order to stand sponsor for his sister's first baby. Both those young widowed Princesses, the Duchess of Albany and Princess Henry of Battenberg, had the courage to send their boys away from them to school at an early age. One of the many mentors of English mothers has recently been objecting to this practice; but it is certainly one that mothers do not follow because they like it or wish to be parted from their boys, but because men have definitely made up their minds that it is best for boys to be flung early into the hard hurly-burly of school life, instead of remaining at home to be petted and made little lords of by their mothers. Each method of education has its dangers and its advantages. It is doubtful if the boy who is always being waited upon and petted by his mother really responds more to her influence, respects her more in his young manhood, or desires more warmly to meet her wishes and to fulfil her ambitions and do her credit in the world than does one to whom home and mother's love was an occasional haven, and the public school the fitful sea to be daily traversed. It is certain, at any rate, that the upper classes in this country—that is to say, the fathers who were once boys themselves—have settled on the school system; and the young Princes of Battenberg and Albany, who had no fathers to supervise their home education, were sent off to school in accordance with the opinion and advice of men as to the training of men. It is absurd to talk of mothers settling such matters in this country.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, who has died at the age of eighty-six at her home in Rochester, New York, was well known on this side of the ocean, as was shown by the great reception given her at the Women's Congress held in London a few years ago, when she rose to speak at the meeting presided over by Lady Aberdeen. She is the last of the founders of the Woman's Suffrage movement in America, for though she was not present at the very first Convention for Women's Rights in 1848—the famous revolutionary year of Europe in general politics—she appeared in the movement soon after, and by her undaunted courage and resolution soon took a leading place. Miss Anthony and her close friend Mrs. Stanton made a strong combination for many years, for Mrs. Stanton (who also lived to the age of eighty-six) was a wife and mother, a member of a well-known family, handsome and debonaire, and gifted with great literary powers; while Susan B. Anthony was only a Quaker farmer's daughter, but strong and sturdy in character, an excellent organiser, and free from any domestic ties that would have limited her activity. This pair were regarded by some of the other workers as too outspoken, too indifferent to the feelings they hurt and the company they kept in pursuit of their cause. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman in his recent Reform Club speech described exactly

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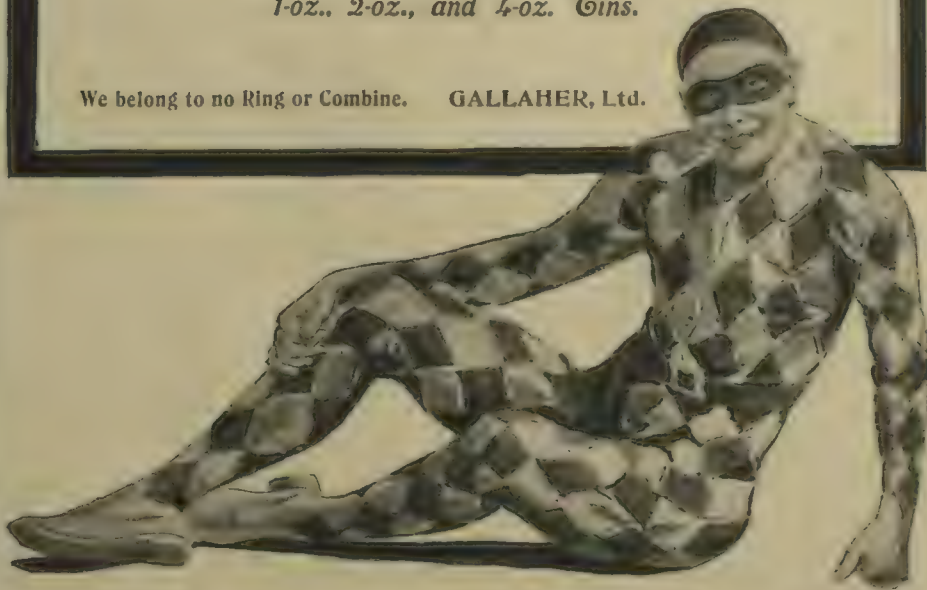
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what must always happen in reform movements. "On every occasion," he said, speaking of the nearly forty years of his experience in Parliament, "when advanced politics were coming forward, I went to the House of Commons knowing what was going to happen—namely, that I would find my darling ideas whittled down and compromised, and many times abandoned, because of the weak and partial support they would receive from a large portion of the party itself, who were more timid than some of us, and sacrificed in the end to the party of reaction." It is so in every movement; and Miss Anthony was often wounded in the house of her friends. But that has long been over: in the last years of her life she had been an object of pride to all her party, who grew up to where she was at first. Her whole life was given to agitation, organising, speech-making, writing, leading petitioners to interview members of Congress; and thanks to its length she had seen great progress in the direction in which she led. Four of the United States now give women equal political rights with men; so do our Australian Colonies and New Zealand; and professions are open and laws are altered to a degree that can have been little expected by the women who issued that first manifesto in 1848 asking for all such changes. Miss Anthony preserved her faculties and her strength to the end; she was taken ill from a chill turning to pneumonia in February, but up to then she was well and active.

In the scheme of decorating the house, perhaps the most essential feature is the wall-paper. This is the background against which all else is placed, and if it be not suitable for furnishings and the aspect of the room, and to the taste of the *châtelaine*, the apartment will never be pleasing in her eyes. But the variety of beautiful and artistic wall-papers to be seen at the show-rooms of Messrs. C. Knowles and Co., 164, King's Road, Chelsea, removes all difficulty, except, indeed, the embarrassment of choice amidst so much that is attractive. Any house can be renovated from this great stock, which includes not only papers for every apartment, but for every grade of domestic establishment, from a palace to a cottage. The depressing old heavy flock-papers in the dining-room and the imitation marble on the staircase are things of the past, happily. Staircase and hall papers now are varied and handsome; especially fine is an Indian chintz, with tropical birds and blossoms in deep and rich array of colours. For the dining-room there are splendid colours and designs both handsome and useful. There are some delightful ones copied from old silk damask for large apartments; and there are smaller patterns or plain ingrainings, very effective to show up pictures against in smaller cosy rooms. Exquisite imitations of silk are to be seen in drawing-room papers; or there are the plain satin-surfaced or striped light-ground paper hangings with delightful deep friezes in harmonious tones.



A GOWN FOR COURT.

The new Empire style is followed in this tight-fitting white satin Princess under-dress, veiled in fine Brussels net embroidered in pearls and chiffon roses, and bust-bodice of the same embroidery; train of satin like the under-dress.

When the dreadful uncertainty of the English spring weather allows lighter dresses to be worn, some exquisite diaphanous bust-blouses will be found ready to put on with corselet-skirts. The more ornate and elegant the little top worn, the more effective will be the contrast with the firmer fabric below, especially when there are added braces of the material of the dress, or of silk or satin heavily embroidered in a deep colour or in gold or silver threads. Bands of lace alternating with bands of ribbon made one of the most effective blouse-tops, or "guimpes," that I have seen; while another was of large meshed net, laid over two under-folds of chiffon, and embroidered on in Greek-key pattern with silver thread. Ribbon embroidery is effective in colours in this situation, and muslin embroidered in a floral design with white—in fact, anything is to be chosen that looks very light, and so contrasts with the corselet skin and the bretelles. Transparent yokes will possibly be used when really hot weather arrives upon the scene, but at present the lace or other transparent fabric is supported either on a silk *fond* or upon two or three layers of chiffon, underneath which, of course, the ordinary cache-corset of fine cambric is not seen but present. Elbow sleeves of the same material as the rest of the short blouse are usual, as then the gown can be worn without any bolero, but some of these new corselet gowns have natty open coats that are intended to be worn always, indoors as well as out, and then the blouse is naturally sleeveless. In every case, it ends, so far as the trimmed portion and the fine material are concerned, just below the bust, though the lining is carried down to the waist by most dressmakers to secure a good close fit for the visible top; some, however, finish off the little Empire bodice lining just under the edge of the corselet's top.

It is a little droll to see the influence of the revived Empire styles in *lingerie*, but it is visible there, no doubt about the matter. The Empire top to the *robe-de-nuit*, outlined by a tie of ribbon run through a strap of broderie anglaise of suitable design, and the chemise shaped to the figure like a Princess robe by tucks below the bust, appear in every self-respecting trousseau. A pretty finish is obtained by the aid of what is known to the drapers as "lingerie beading" to run on down the edges of the strips of embroidery, which has all the effect of close herring-boning done down the edges of the trimming with only the trifling trouble of running it on. Washing-ribbon is another excellent modern invention which enables the home needlewoman to give a nice finish to her lawn or nainsook garments; narrow lines of ribbon in a pale colour run through insertions of appropriate pattern are an excellent dainty heading to a flounce or completion of an outline. A Princess petticoat bodice and knickers all in one is a good new idea. Slimness is desired more than ever to meet the new Empire and Princess fashions in gowns, and the more well-fitted underlinen can be made the better.

FILOMENA.

When the roots are not healthy and strong, or when they are affected by germs, YOUR HAIR will not—indeed, CANNOT—grow.

THAT IS WHY NOTHING CAN BE ANY GOOD FOR

HAIR

WHICH IS FALLING OUT and
PREMATURELY GREY

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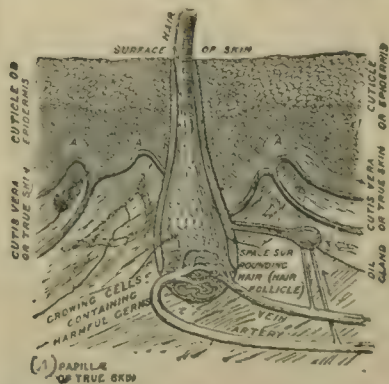
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"Yours truly,

"(Miss) FLORENCE SMITH."



LOOK AT THIS PICTURE OF A HAIR GREATLY MAGNIFIED, and learn how your hair grows, why it becomes prematurely grey, why it does not grow well, and why it falls out. The whole hair is produced by the multiplication of those growing cells which lie at the bottom and form its root. They rest upon the little blood vessels which carry the blood containing the red corpuscles, from which the cells draw all their nourishment. You can easily see from this picture that when the harmful germs settle in those growing cells and go on multiplying they will injure the cells, which causes the hair to loosen and fall out, or become prematurely grey. If those germs are not checked, they will in time quite destroy the cells, and as the roots would then be dead, nothing could be done. You can only kill those germs by quickly using any medicine which will make them rapidly enough

COUPON.

Illustrated London News,
March 24, 1906.

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ART NOTES.

THE collected work of the late Charles Furse at the Burlington Fine Arts Club impresses us by its strength and liveliness much more than we were impressed by any single canvas at Royal Academy shows. The effect is cumulatively favourable. "The Lilac Gown" shone brilliantly across several rooms at Burlington House two years ago; "The Return from the Ride" dominated the exhibition of a previous year; and one had learned to look forward to the forceful pleasure of such pictures when, by ill-luck for our national art, death put a term to a brilliant career. Furse died when he had struck the high-road to success—the rare and double success of fine achievement and of popularity. His work gained until the end, and its promise was most sure at the very time when we lost any possibility of its further fulfilment.

The two rooms filled with these Furse paintings at the Burlington Fine Arts Club are gallantly decorated; for a swing of composition and a fullness of colour were the marked characteristics of his art. Whatever wall such a picture as the "Diana of the Uplands" hangs upon must be enlivened and enlarged. The breeze that blows across the canvas, stirring the clouds and the garments of the lady, stirs also the spirits of the spectator. There is in it the expression of the sensation of freedom, of movement, of exhilaration, which gives it some resemblance to Meredith's picture of another Diana. She of the Crossways exulted in a flowing wind and a flowing landscape no less than this lady of the Uplands. An interesting sketch for this masterpiece (we hesitate, but finally give it this

title) shows the composition reversed from left to right; and in it the suggestion of lilac in the white-silk coat of the finished picture is explained by its frankly lilac line in the study. It would have been well had the Club been able to secure "The Return from the Ride" for an exhibition otherwise very complete: our recollection of that picture places it on a level near that of "The Diana of the Uplands."

before Charles Furse broke away from influences—at least, modern influences—and went out on to the highways and open places and was invigorated to originality by so doing. He seems to have entered the regions of "The Surrender of Breda," that pageant of portraiture, in his better work, seeing with an eye schooled by Velasquez to the frank truths told by exterior light. The two equestrian studies of Lord Roberts are admirable in the strength of their draughtsmanship and the powerfulness of their composition. The portraiture of man and horse, the action of rider and mount, the sure stand of the beast in the landscape, and the sure seat of the little General, are all put into paint with most admirable certainty and confidence. The touch of the painter who has found himself is no less evident in the two equestrian portraits of Masters of Foxhounds—"T. Lawrence, Esq." and "J. Blandy Jenkins, Esq.": clouds, tree, horse, hound, and man are all united by the sensible observation of light and atmosphere, tone and colour. But while making a complete and unified picture, Mr. Furse never forgot that portraiture was the main purpose of his brush: in each picture the master of the foxhounds is the master of the canvas—the central interest. And the dogs are drawn with something of old-masterly power.—W. M.



Photo. Gale and Polden.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT ALDERSHOT: PRESENTATION OF SHAMROCK TO THE IRISH GUARDS.

The usual church parades were held at Aldershot in honour of St. Patrick's Day, March 17, and the Queen's gift of shamrock was presented to the Irish Guards on parade by Colonel Cooper, commanding the regiment.

Mr. Furse was a portrait-painter always, even before he discovered that his portraiture was essentially of the open air. Most of the earlier portraits here are portraits of conventional setting, the sitter confined within four walls. Restraint, even cramp, is in these, even while they may be admired for many serious qualities. Watts's influence may be observed here and there

pocket-book and diary issued by the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company. The book has a back loop pencil. Refills may easily be had.

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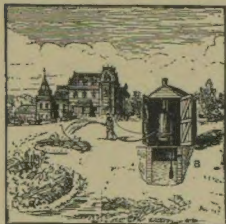
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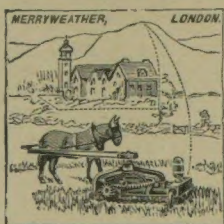
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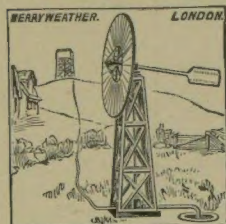
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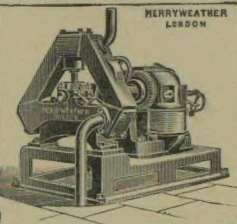
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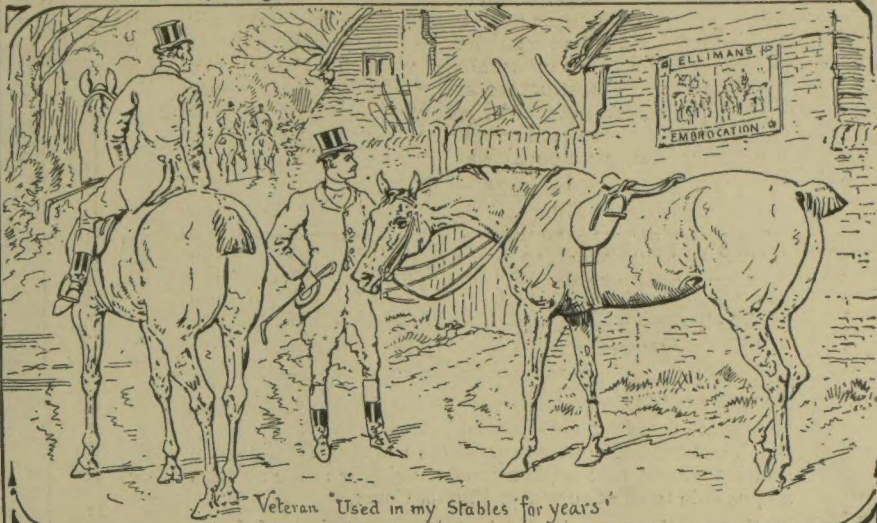
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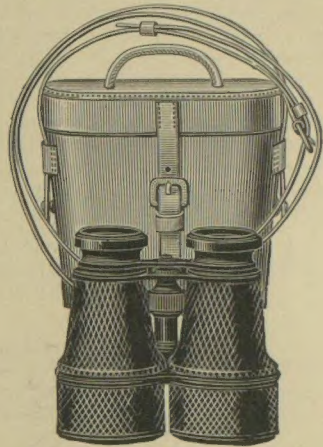
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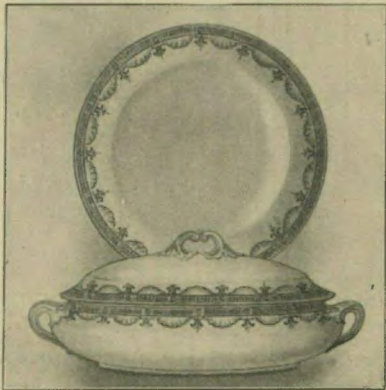
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Bishop of London has been preaching in St. Pancras Parish Church, where the congregations have been as large as in Islington and Highgate. The Wednesday evening meetings have been the most interesting and characteristic of the mission, as the Bishop on these occasions answers questions which have been sent to him.

The venerable Father Benson of Cowley, who is aged eighty-one, is giving a course of Lenten addresses on the Lord's Prayer at All Souls' Church, Clive Vale, Hastings. He preaches from the chancel steps, seated in a chair. Father Benson's voice is still clear and resonant.

The Archdeacon of Maidstone unveiled this week a marble medallion of the late Dean Farrar in the nave of Canterbury Cathedral. The Rev. Eric Farrar has presented the memorial, which is said to be an excellent likeness of the late Dean. The window in the Chapter House has no portrait of the eminent preacher and writer, who will always be remembered as one of the glories of the city.



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Full arrangements have already been made for the Clergy Summer School at Cambridge, which will be held during the second half of July. Among the lecturers are Canon Savage, Dr. W. R. Inge, Professor Swete, and the Bishop of Ely. Members of the school will be received, so far as space permits, at Selwyn College, at the very moderate charge of six shillings a day.

Gloucester Cathedral, as well as Winchester, is to pass into the restorer's hands. During the time of Dean Law, £20,000 was spent on repairs and decorations, and seven or eight years ago there was a further outlay of £7000. The resident architect has now reported that some parts of the structure are in a dangerous condition. The Earl of Ducie, Lord-Lieutenant of Gloucestershire, presided over a meeting held in the Chapter House, at which an earnest appeal was made for funds.

A memorial-stone, made after the pattern of the Derbyshire sepulchral slabs of the Middle Ages, has been placed by Lady Laura Ridding on the grave of the late Bishop of Southwell, on the south side of the Cathedral. Two texts are engraved on the stone—"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ," and "I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God, and will make mention of thy righteousness only." V.

The Phyllis Court Club at Henley has been founded to provide headquarters for social and sporting life on the Thames. Membership will be as at Hurlingham and Ranelagh, and applications should be made as soon as possible to the Secretary, Phyllis Court.

Sacco, who recently finished his great fast of forty-five days at Hengler's Circus, London, lost only fifty-five pounds in weight, his consumption during the period being strictly confined to water. His first nourishment after leaving his glass house was a cup of cocoa and a small glass of Dr. Hommel's Hæmatogen.

The Burmese bell which we illustrated in a recent number is the property of Mr. E. H. E. Emanuel, of Portsea. The photograph was by Cousins. The bell is exactly similar to one presented to Queen Victoria by the 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade on their return from Burmah in 1890.

The Home Teaching Society for the Blind held its jubilee meeting on the 20th inst. at 3, Grosvenor Place, by kind permission of the Hon. W. F. D. and Lady Esther Smith. The President, Viscount Midleton, is this year making an urgent appeal for £500 a year more for this society, which helps the blind twice over, inasmuch as it maintains blind teachers to instruct their fellow-sufferers, and to supply them regularly at their own homes and in workhouses with embossed books on loan. Fifteen teachers work in and round London and in Surrey, and large parts of Kent, Berks, Essex, Herts, and North Hants are also visited. The amount of good work done by the 37,593 visits paid in 1905, and the pleasure given by the 34,514 loans of embossed books and magazines cannot be estimated. To all who know what books afford in hours of weariness, of loneliness, and ill-health, the work of this Society should appeal with special force, and it is to be hoped that the President will not again have to announce that its regular income

falls very far short of its expenditure. Subscriptions will be gratefully received by the Secretary, Miss E. Bainbridge, 53, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.



THE CHANNEL FLEET'S PRESENT TO THE ROYAL NAVAL YACHT CLUB, COPENHAGEN.

The trophy consists of a solid silver vase, with handles representing the prows of ancient galleys. The lid is surmounted by a naval crown, and is decorated on the front with the monogram of the club. The pedestal is of oak, with silver dolphin heads at each side, and a plate on the front bearing the following inscription: "To the Royal Naval Club, Copenhagen, from the British Channel Fleet." The cup was manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, W.

When the Hair Falls.

DR. COOKE says:

"I can speak in high terms of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' 'Tatcho.' No other treatment for the hair, in my opinion, can compare with it. I have recommended 'Tatcho' to hundreds of patients and non-patients.

"Argyll Lodge, Bromley, Kent."

MAJOR-GENERAL KEATE.

"I find 'TATCHO' excellent, and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life, devoted partially to keeping my hair on.

"Ed. Keate, High Croft, Winchester."

DR. HAMILTON.

Writing from the Grosvenor Club, Bond Street, W., confirms Dr. Cooke's opinion with the following: "I consider 'TATCHO' a most excellent preparation for the Hair."

LADY SYKES.

"2, Chesterfield St., Mayfair, W. "When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims' 'TATCHO' I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying 'TATCHO' I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend 'TATCHO.'

"JESSICA SYKES."

MR. GEO. R. SIMS'

GREAT HAIR-GROWER

"TATCHO"

"TATCHO" is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the world in bottles at 1/-, 2/6, and 5/-

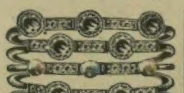
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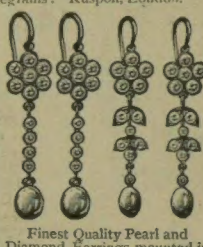


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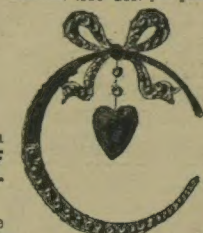
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FOR USE UNDER SHADES

PLAIN FACTS CONCERNING SKIN HEALTH

Everyone recognises the importance of the body being kept in a condition of perfect health, and the necessity for every organ doing its duty efficiently. Everyone dreads lung disease, because it is generally recognised that if the breathing apparatus does not work well the blood cannot be properly purified, and the health will inevitably suffer; but, unfortunately, people sometimes forget that the skin is also a great breathing organ, and that if it fails to do its work the health will be interfered with. Skin troubles and the stopping-up of the pores of the skin all create mischief, and, consequently, it will be readily understood that it is most important to maintain skin health. Pores are the safety valves of the body, and if they become stopped up, it means that waste poisonous matter is being retained; and if this be so, no argument is needed to prove that this is harmful and even dangerous.

"But," says the reader, "I haven't any skin trouble—I do not suffer from eczema, psoriasis, nettlerash, or anything of that kind." There are many other skin troubles besides the really grave skin complaints, and there are tens of thousands of people who have some slight form of skin trouble without recognising the fact that theirs is a skin trouble. Redness, roughness, and oiliness of the skin, cracked lips, chaps, chilblains, chafed or irritated skin, pimples, blackheads, and boils are all skin affections, and some at least of these are forerunners of more serious skin ailments in the future.

Obviously, therefore, if skin troubles are so prevalent, and if so many people suffer from them, a simple, pleasant,



Use "Antexema" for chapped, chafed, or rough skin.

convenient and successful means of cure would be a great advantage, and hence it was that some twenty years ago a doctor applied his mind to the production of a remedy—and "Antexema" was the result. This is a remedy which cures every form of skin illness, from the simplest to the most severe, and the secret of its curative power is easily explained. Everyone knows that cuts and burns and other skin troubles heal up if they are protected from air and exposure. This is just what "Antexema" does. "Antexema" is not a greasy ointment that makes the affected spot even more conspicuous than it was before, but a milky liquid that is absorbed as soon as it is applied, and forms a sort of protective artificial skin, under which a new and healthy cuticle is able to grow. Hence it is that relief from

irritation is gained immediately "Antexema" touches the skin, and that a complete cure is eventually effected.

It has already been explained that most skin affections commence with comparatively slight symptoms, so slight, in fact, that their significance is frequently ignored. The result of this neglect is that the slight trouble that was easily amenable to treatment continues to make progress, the skin becomes still more affected, and shows unmistakably, and possibly begins to create grave discomfort and inconvenience, all of which both might have been prevented, and would have been prevented by wise and timely attention. The first thing to recollect is, therefore, that skin troubles should receive immediate care, and that "Antexema" should be used the moment any signs of skin illness make themselves apparent.



"Antexema" cures every skin trouble of babies and adults.

Another question that is frequently asked is "Will 'Antexema' cure my particular skin trouble?"—the answer is "Yes," quite irrespective of the name or nature of your skin ailment; but if you wish for further information on this point the best way is to look through the family handbook on "Skin Troubles," which is enclosed with every bottle of "Antexema." The following are some of the forms of skin illness dealt with—Acne, Baby's Skin Troubles, Bad Complexions, Barber's Itch, Burns and Scalds, Blackheads, Boils, Blotches, Chaps, Chilblains; Delicate, Sensitive, Irritable Skin; Skin troubles affecting the Ears, Eyes, Feet, Hands, Scalp; Eczema, both Chronic and Acute; Eczema of the Legs, Erysipelas, Facial Blemishes, Freckles, Gouty Eczema, Leg Wounds, Lip and Chin Troubles, Nettlerash, Pimples, Prickly Heat, Psoriasis, Ringworm, Scrofula, Shingles, Ulcers and Wrinkles. Numerous other skin troubles are also dealt with in the little book, of which everyone should have a copy, as it explains in clear, simple, and accurate language the cause and nature of skin troubles, and shows the way to cure them and how to keep cured afterwards.

Another point that is well worth remembering is that "Antexema" is a thoroughly safe and non-poisonous remedy, and there need not be the least hesitation about using it, as it cannot possibly injure the most tender or sensitive skin. Hence it is the best conceivable remedy for babies' skin troubles, and the relief it gives when the skin is rubbed and chafed is wonderful, and in many

letters received by the makers the writers thank them warmly because they have been able to secure sweet and refreshing sleep, owing to "Antexema" having immediately removed the intolerable irritation or burning pain from which they previously suffered.

"Antexema" is becoming increasingly popular with gentlemen who suffer from razor irritation consequent upon shaving. "Antexema" will completely allay this, and leave the skin soft and comfortable. It prevents rash after a close shave, and makes it possible to shave every day without discomfort. The following are some recent letters with regard to "Antexema":—"I have been troubled with rashes of pimples on face for the last two and a half years, and tried two or three so-called remedies, but they did me no good. I tried 'Antexema,' and the next morning I was half cured, and I now fail to find words of thanks. All I can say is that it is a genuine cure." "I had tried almost everything for chapped hands, but they got no better. After I had used 'Antexema' for a day or two they got much better, and I am thankful to say they are now quite well."

"I have suffered from cracked lips for a long time, and nothing cured them until I tried 'Antexema,' and am now glad to say they are quite well." "I am pleased to say 'Antexema' has cured my little boy. He had breakings-out on his legs and behind his ears, but he is now quite cured." These are but specimens of hundreds of similar letters.

All who value skin health must recognise the importance of using the right soap to preserve the health of the skin, to keep the pores open and healthy, and destroy the germs of disease that are always floating about. That is why authorities strongly recommend "Antexema Soap," which possesses the healing, refreshing, and antiseptic influence of the pine forest, and keeps the skin in perfect condition, and all its powers in vigorous activity. "Antexema Soap" is supplied by all Chemists in tablets at 6d., or three in a box for 1s. 6d.

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists in bottles at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d., or may be obtained direct, post free, in plain wrapper for 1s. 3d. or 2s. 9d. from THE ANTEXEMA COMPANY, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. With every bottle is enclosed our family handbook on "Skin Troubles," full of interesting information in regard to gaining, preserving, and retaining skin health. Chemists all over the world, and more particularly in India and all British Colonies and possessions, supply "Antexema."



For eczema of the back there is nothing equal to "Antexema."

"This is Genuine Cocoa."—THE LANCET.

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and all annoying symptoms will soon disappear. They settle the stomach, regulate the liver, and exercise the bowels. Their good effects are felt immediately.

BEECHAM'S PILLS mingle with the contents of the stomach and make easy work of digestion. The nourishing properties of the food are then readily assimilated, replenishing the blood and giving health, strength, and vigour to the whole system.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Jan. 20, 1899), with two codicils, of MR. HENRY ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, of 97, Eaton Square, and late of Lynford Hall, Mundford, Norfolk, who died on Jan. 17, was proved on March 13 by Lieutenant Rawdon Clavering Campbell, the son, William Middleton Campbell, the brother, Charles Wigram Long, M.P., and Colin Frederick Campbell, the value of the real and personal estate being £324,902. The testator gives £25,000 to his daughter Ivy Geraldine; the income from £10,000 to Mary H. A. C. Fairholm; £300 to his secretary, Henry George Boswarva; and £200 each to his executors, except his son. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1899) with two codicils, of SIR MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE GRANT-DUFF, of 11, Chelsea Embankment, and Lexden Park, Essex, who died on Jan. 12, was proved on March 8 by Dame Anna Julia Grant-Duff, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the real and personal estate being £85,998. The testator gives to his wife £250, an annuity of £700, the use of Lexden Park, and such furniture as she may select; to his son Arthur Cunningham his plate, books and pictures, and furniture to the value of £1000; to his son Hampden, £2000; and to Lady Henley, £200. A sum of £3000 is to be held in trust for Lady Grant-Duff

for life, and then for his son Evelyn. Such of his unset precious stones as she may select he gives to his wife, forty others to his son Adrian, and the remainder to his son Evelyn. One-fourth of the residue of his property he leaves to his son Arthur, and the remaining three-fourths to his other children, except his son Evelyn.

The will (dated Feb. 12, 1901) of MR. JAMES BICKERTON PRESTON, of 21, Wilton Place, who died on Feb. 7, was proved on March 3 by Mrs. Josephine Henriette Preston, the widow, and Sydney Elliott Preston, the son, the value of the estate being £84,233. The testator gives £1000 to his son James McCallan, who has ample means of his own; £1000 to his granddaughter Mabel Josephine; the income from £50,000 to his wife; £200 a year to his daughter Annie Amy; £50 per annum to his daughter Florence Emma; £100 a year to his daughter Ellen Julia Wigg; and £200 per annum each to his daughters Georgina Thornton and Josephine during the life of their mother. Subject thereto, he leaves all his property to his children, Sydney Elliott, Percy Rawson, Josephine, and Georgina Thornton.

The will (dated Jan. 29, 1897) of MRS. CHARLOTTE NEWTON, of 15, Onslow Square, who died on Jan. 3, was proved on March 1 by Lieut.-Colonel John William Marsdin Newton and Norman Macdonald St. John Marsdin Newton, the sons, the value of the estate being £63,500. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to the Tunbridge Wells General Hospital; £200 to her sister, Margaret

Maria Maitland; her plate to her two sons; £100 to the Rev. Charles Birch; and her jewels to her daughter, Mrs. Charlotte Justina Peach. The residue of her property she leaves to her three children.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1905) of MAJOR JOHN SEYMOUR WYNNE FINCH, of 105, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, who died on Jan. 22, was proved on March 6 by Colonel Sir Alfred Mordaunt Egerton, K.C.V.O., and Sir Basil Graham Montgomery, Bart., the value of the estate being £35,801. The testator gives £500 to his brother, Edward Heneage; £500 to Sarita, Countess d'Aunay; £1000 to his servant, Frederick Haynes; and £150 each and all his furniture, jewels, and personal effects to his two executors. The residue of his property he leaves to his sister-in-law, Maud Emily, widow of his brother, Colonel Charles Wynne Finch, in trust, for her two children John Charles and William Heneage.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1904) of MR. HENRY EDMUND GURNEY, of Nutwood, Reigate, who died on Nov. 24, has been proved by his son Henry Gurney, the value of the property being £32,411. The testator gives the picture by Barrett, of his aunt Elizabeth Fry reading to the prisoners in Newgate, to his son; and £500 each to his daughters Emma Georgina Larken, Margaret Jane Gurney, Richenda Juliet Paul, Mary Marguerite Gurney, Marion Rice, and Harriette Louisa Gurney. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

J. M. BARRIE,
in "My Lady Nicotine,"
page 17, says:

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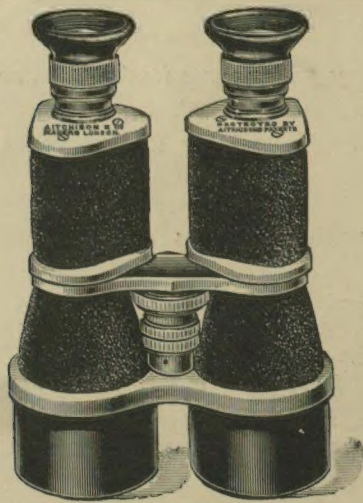
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TRY THEM WHEN YOUR VOICE FAILS YOU. Used and recommended by leading Clergymen, Vocalists, and Public Speakers at home and abroad. SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AT 1/- AND 4/6 PER BOX. Write for Free Sample, mentioning this publication, to Sole Manufacturers—EVANS, SONS, LESCHER & WEBB LTD., LIVERPOOL.

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